

# The Avolette.

NUMBER 4.

CONTAINING THE STORY COMPLETE OF

## BESSIE BAINE:

—OR,—

## THE MORMON'S VICTIM.

*A TALE OF UTAH.*

BY M. QUAD, OF THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

ILLUSTRATED.



"I AM COME TO LEAD YOU TO TRIAL!"

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# The Novelette.

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COMPLETE.

No. 23 Hawley Street.

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## BESSIE BAINE:

—OR,—

## THE MORMON'S VICTIM.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.



"I NEVER—NEVER SHALL!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A BIT OF COQUETRY.

"BESSIE, what is the trouble between thee and Hezekiah Morrow?"

"N—nothing, father."

"Thou canst not deceive me, child! Hezekiah has not been here for a fortnight, and I notice that thou

hast little appetite for food, and I have missed thy merry laughter and happy songs. Thou hast been teasing him, I fear, and wounded his big heart."

She stood before him, her hands crossed on her white apron and cast her eyes on the floor; and as the father looked at the red cheeks, brown hair, white throat and handsome figure he did not wonder that Hezekiah Morrow wanted her for a wife, and that half a dozen



other young men were mentally upset on her account.

"Hezekiah is a good young man, and he will make thee a good husband," continued the father. "Thou shouldst not tease him any more, for thou knowest that the marriage day is set for September."

There was a mischievous look in her eyes as she turned away—a look which plainly said that she would keep Hezekiah on the coals as long as she wanted to in spite of parental interference.

Jeremiah Baine had once been a leader among the Friends, but growing old he had abandoned his position, strayed from the settlement where had lived, boy and man, for fifty years, and removed to a farm in Pennsylvania. He still clung to the Quaker principles and the Quaker vernacular, which had been drilled into him ever since he could talk, and his neighbors said that he was a good man and an honest citizen, and that Aunt Deborah, his wife, had only one fault—that of scrupulous over-neatness.

As for Bessie, everybody wondered how such a sun-beam came to be born to the sedate old couple. She was handsome, happy and good, and if she would have said "thee" and "thou" as her parents did, and as they desired, there would never have been a word of complaint around this old farmhouse. She had come up with the "world's folk," and she refused to be a Quaker further than to be demure, modest, God-fearing and honest-hearted.

Hezekiah Morrow was the only son of the widow Morrow, whose farm joined that of the Baines on the east. She was a devout Quaker, and Hezekiah was a devout follower in her footsteps. It was no more than natural that he, a young man of twenty-four, should fall in love with Bessie, a handsome lassie of eighteen, and it was no more than natural that they should have their lovers' quarrels.

He was tall and awkward, ashamed of his big feet and his big red hands, but he was not ugly, and his heart was large and full of goodness. She found him so confiding and honest that she took delight in teasing him, though she loved him all the time and meant to be his wife when the maple leaves turned color again.

Every Sunday afternoon and Thursday evening for two years Hezekiah Morrow had donned his ministerial suit of black, carefully brushed his beaver and blacked his shoes, and walked over to Jeremiah Baines to sit and talk with Bessie. Farmer Baine could not have selected a young man whom he would rather have for a son-in-law, and so the course of true love ran smooth.

The father had a suspicion that the handsome mischievous Bessie delighted to tease the ungainly lover, and therefore when Hezekiah remained away for two long weeks he took his daughter to do about it. It was her fault, and she knew it, the last time the lovers sat together, and while Hezekiah was telling how he had determined to repair and improve the homestead for her benefit, she had said:

"But you had better wait—I may not live there."

"What is that?" he asked, greatly shocked.

"Didn't you know that a city merchant, worth ever so much money, has been here to ask my hand in marriage?" she replied:

"Thou art surely joking," he said, his face losing all its color.

"You may think so," she replied, tossing her head proudly, "but you will some day find out."

"But thou art my promised wife!" he exclaimed, trying to take her hand.

"Perhaps I did not know my own mind so well then as now," she returned, drawing her hand away. "I think it would be very nice to live in a city and see all the fine sights, and wear silks and satins."

"Is it possible!" he whispered, raising his hands and letting them fall again.

"I shall come back here to visit father and mother once a year at least," she went on, delighted to see that he was taking her words in earnest. "You will have a wife, and I shall of course be glad to make her acquaintance, and shall bring toys and sweetmeats for the children."

"Did I ever!" he whispered, raising his hands again. "I truly believed that I was to be thy husband!"

She saw that his heart was badly wounded, but she continued:

"I shall invite you to the wedding, and of course you will come."

"It would pain me greatly to see thee wedded to another, but for thy sake I will promise," he replied, putting up his red silk handkerchief to wipe away a big tear.

She meant to undeceive him before he went away, but he was so earnest and solemn that she felt ashamed and embarrassed, and he finally went home in the full belief that his two years of courtship had been time thrown away, and with all his air castles demolished at a blow.

"Hezekiah, thou must not take it too much at heart," said the Widow Morrow when she heard from his lips what had happened—"thou must bear in mind the old saying that there are still good fish left in the sea."

"But I had laid such plans and built so many castles!" he replied, his chin quivering.

"Thou must learn that nothing in life is sure," she said; but she knew how his big heart would pain and ache for months and months, and she felt a mother's sympathy and more too.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LETTER AND THE JOURNEY.

BESSIE expected that Hezekiah would call as usual the next Sunday evening, but he did not come. She was both disappointed and vexed. He ought to have known, she said to herself, that she was only joking, and that she could never think of marrying anyone but him, and she blamed him for not demanding explanations.

Sunday night passed, and so did Thursday and Sunday nights again, and finally it had been two weeks since Hezekiah Morrow had crossed the farmer's threshold. The old people began to note his absence, and finally the father charged Bessie with being the cause. During the two weeks she had been hard and tender-hearted by turns, knowing that she loved Hez, and yet piqued to think that he so readily yielded his claims.

So it came about that there was a misunderstanding and a gulf between the lovers, caused by Bessie's mischievous desire to be just the least bit coquettish. One word would have smoothed away all trouble, but when the honest-hearted lover took her words in earnest and ceased his visits she determined to punish him for his simple-mindedness. She would not be the first to bend, though she was ready to render explanations at the proper time, and the honest Hez had felt that he must accept his fate, and had thought it wise to keep away.

"It's some trifle, and they will love the more for it," said Jeremiah Baines one day when his wife brought up the matter for the dozenth time.

"I hope so—I hope so," she replied, but she did not believe so.

The April days went whirling by, and finally it had been six weeks since Hez had entered the old farmhouse. He had kept out of Farmer Baine's way so well that the two had not met but once or twice, and then for only a moment, and the Widow Morrow had ceased visiting Aunt Deborah, feeling hurt that Hez had been so used.

Bessie reaped the reward of her coquetry in bitter tears and sad hours. She was many times on the point of donning her sunbonnet and going over to the widow's and making full explanations, but the longer she delayed the weaker grew her resolutions, and finally nothing could have forced her to go. She might write, but she was ashamed, and perhaps Hez would say to himself that her "city fellow" had retreated from the engagement, and that she was now willing to take up the old love.

The weeks made a great change in her. The mother caught her crying more than once, and the father missed her happy songs and merry laugh.

"It may be that Hezekiah thought he could do better than to marry a Baine," he said one evening, as he rocked to and fro in his great splint-bottom chair.

"I would have him understand that he might do much worse!" replied Aunt Deborah with considerable spirit. "I do not believe that we must peddle our only daughter around the country to secure as good a husband as Hezekiah Morrow would make!"

"Deborah, thou must not lose control of thy temper," replied the Quaker. "If Hezekiah Morrow thinks our daughter Bessie beneath him then he may stay away and I shall not coax him."

Thus the gulf became broader day by day, and day by day Bessie's cheek lost its color and her eyes were oftener found full of tears.

One day in May when the Quaker had been to the village he tossed a letter into Aunt Deborah's lap saying:

"I think it is from thy relatives in the West."

So it was. The wife took down her spectacles, carefully cutting the end of the envelop across, and she had an hour's work before her. The letter was from her step-sister in Nebraska, saying that she would soon visit Pennsylvania with her husband, and that when they returned to the West they would like to have Bessie accompany them for the summer.

"They are world's people, but good people," said

Aunt Deborah, as she wiped her eyes and prepared to go over the letter again.

"We shall be very glad to see them," replied Uncle Jeremiah, "but can we spare our Bessie?"

"We will let her go if she desires," said the wife. "The journey will do her good, and we must choose between that and the doctor, for the poor girl is certainly no more herself than we can think."

"Well, well, we will talk it all over," replied the husband, and nothing further was said between them.

Bessie brightened up a little at the news, but was neutral on the subject of the proposed trip. It would be a fit punishment for Hez if she should go off to remain all summer, and yet it would only feed the coldness or misunderstanding existing.

The relatives arrived soon after the letter, and for a week Bessie was much like her old self. Then she began to be melancholy again, and it was decided that she should return with her aunt and uncle. Preparations were at once entered upon, and almost every day the Quaker found himself driving down the village road to make some new purchase to complete his daughter's outfit. He groaned in spirit when he saw the ribbons, and hats, and bouquets, and fine dresses, which were the abomination of his creed, but he had pride as a father and as a man of means, and he could not think of his daughter going away from home without having plenty to wear, and that of the best.

Three or four days before the party were to start West, Bessie stole into the orchard to look across at the Morrow farmhouse and hope to catch sight of Hez. He had not once visited the house since that night, and once or twice, when he might have met her face to face at the country church, or riding on the highway, he turned aside.

She clung to the fence and looked across the broad meadow, but Hez was not in sight. A lump came in her throat as she remembered how foolishly she had separated herself from him by a few words, but she forced back her tears and said to herself that he ought to have been braver-hearted and more persistent. She didn't want to go without seeing him and saying good-by, but she must, and she went back to the house hoping to have courage to explain to him when she returned.

The day finally came for commencing the journey, and the old horse and wagon rattled them past the Morrow farm to the village and the railway.

"Thou must be a good girl, Bessie," said the father, as he shook her hand at parting.

"And if Hezekiah calls during thy absence what shall I say to him?" inquired the mother.

"That—that—but I will write and tell you," replied Bessie, considerably frustrated and very earnest, and then they were off.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MORMON PREACHER.

THE Barrys lived in a small town in the eastern part of Nebraska, and the party reached home without incident.

Before the long journey was completed Bessie had



regained considerable of her lost spirit, and it was evident that the change was going to do her good. One evening, about two weeks after her arrival at Deep Valley, an excitement was created in the town by the arrival of a Mormon Elder calling himself Samuel Russell. He was a man about forty years of age, slovenly dressed and rough in looks, and Uncle Barry remarked:

"If he goes to preaching here he will find his way into the creek some evening."

The people of Deep Valley had a church, with preaching once in three weeks, and they called themselves an enlightened Christian community, there being enough honest, law-abiding men to overawe the bad ones. The subject of Mormonism was no new thing there, and polygamy had no supporters.

"They should tar and feather him," replied Mrs. Barry, considerably excited to think a Mormon would dare come there, and she added that she would like to be a man for a few hours, or until the tar and feathers had been applied.

There were many others in the village just as indignant, and there was such a bitter feeling against the Mormon that he rolled himself in his blanket and slept on the prairie to avoid being dragged out of bed and mobbed. They thought he would go away next morning, but instead of so doing he made himself a shelter in the suburbs of the town and began to preach, pray and sing.

The man was gross and brutal in looks, but he had a singularly seductive voice. It was soft as a woman's, full of tenderness and pathos, and one hearing it felt like tarrying to catch his further words. All day long he preached, prayed and sang, and no audience, except now and then as some rough man went down to insult him. He received their gibes and sneers meekly, making them ashamed, and before night he had made a few friends. Even Uncle Barry said:

"Well, I guess he wont hurt us, and if he wants to preach and pray I have no objection as I know of."

Mrs. Barry grumbled a little, but did not renew her wish to see the Mormon maltreated, and it could be seen that the Elder's perseverance and fortitude had considerably softened public opinion.

He continued all through the next day, and before night he had a small audience of men, some of whom were deeply interested in his remarks. The speaker was well-learned, a good talker and full of argument and sophistry, and on the third day his audience was still larger, and several women were there to see and hear.

This was the commencement of an excitement which almost upset the sense of the villagers. On the fourth night after the arrival Elder Russell was permitted to occupy the church, and the building could hardly hold the crowd which went to hear him. He covered up all the ugliness of Mormonism with the cloak of religion, and so earnestly appealed to the religion and cupidity of his hearers that some began to lean towards him. He upheld law, order and justice; hoped that Christian love would reign in every heart; bade his hearers love one another, and then held up such an enticing picture of Mormon life that all looked and many envied.

The week had not ended when Uncle Barry said to his wife:

"I dunno, Martha, as it would be any hurt for us to go over to the meetin' house to-night and hear the Mormon. Everybody's going, and they say that he has already made three or four converts."

"I'll go just to please you and Bessie," she replied, "but of course we'll only ridicule his sayings."

They went, and that tender pathetic voice made them respect the man at once. They listened attentively, saw several of their old neighbors rise up as men and women who were ready to go with the Elder to the "Holy City," as he called Salt Lake; and when they reached home Uncle Barry said:

"Pears as if the Mormons aint such dreadful bad folks, after all."

"Well, them can go as wants to," replied the wife; and they went to bed.

Bessie was neutral, not caring to speak against one whom she did not know, and sure in her own mind that the Elder might preach for a dozen years and not change her opinion of his people. She liked him for his voice and disliked him for his repulsive look. He had seemed to single her out in the audience, and had often let his eyes rest upon her, and she felt vexed and annoyed at his unblushing freedom.

Converts were ordered to sell off their property for what it would bring and hand the money over to the Elder, who would act as a common treasurer; when they reached the Holy City all would have plenty and all would work for the common good. They were to be part and parcel of a Society which lived for itself alone so far as the world was concerned, no one wanting, every one happy, and the future of each being assured.

Before ten days rolled away some of those who talked loudest of ducking Elder Russell in Deep Creek were his best converts, and were using their influence to secure him others.

The Barrys had come of New England stock, and they could not be preached or prayed into the belief that polygamy was a principle to be countenanced by law-abiding, Christian people. However, they were considerably affected by the excitement, and were willing to talk and to be reasoned with.

After the first week Elder Russell began visiting the houses and arguing with the families. Aunt Martha had said that she would not admit him; but when he came she had not the courage to turn him away, and she permitted him to offer up a prayer and to deliver a brief exhortation.

He went away without seeing Bessie, or without referring to her, but when Uncle Barry came in at noon and sat down to dinner, he said:

"What do you think, mother, the Mormon wants to marry Bessie?"

"Yes, he came to me at the shop, and told me so," continued the husband, as both Bessie and her aunt looked at him in amazement. "He will make her his fifth wife, and is coming here this evening to secure her answer!"

"Abernethy Barry, are you a fool?" asked the wife.

## CHAPTER IV.

## BESSIE HAS AN OFFER.

"DID you ever hear of such a ridiculous thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Barry, after recovering from the first shock of surprise.

"But perhaps I shall give him a favorable reply," laughed Bessie, who was at first inclined to feel hurt.

"Well, he is in earnest, and you may expect him here this evening," said Mrs. Barry; and then they all fell to berating the Mormon for his impudence.

It was just decided that Bessie should go away during the evening and leave Aunt Martha to tell the Elder what she thought of him and his religion, but it was subsequently agreed that it would be better for Bessie to be there and give him a prompt and decided answer at once.

"If you didn't he might be running after you again," remarked Aunt Martha. "That was the way with your Uncle Abernethy; I didn't know my own mind well enough to say 'no,' and he gave me no peace till I said 'yes' and done with it."

When night came, Mrs. Barry opened the door for Elder Russell and escorted him to the parlor. The trio had planned to make short work for him, and Aunt Martha was even going to insult him.

But, if they had yielded to the influence of his singularly tender voice when composing part of his audience, they found themselves more attentive now to catch his every word. He had the look of a lowbred rascal, but he had the air and manner of a polished gentleman. He had not been ten minutes in the house when Aunt Martha's courage began to give way, and she trembled as she thought of his errand.

Bessie was attracted, in spite of her resolution to scorn the man, and Uncle William wondered if that could be the man he had offered to help mob.

It was a long hour before Elder Russell approached the subject which the others dreaded, and he came to it so gradually that they felt no shock. He had spoken of polygamy as a blessing, and had so burnished the principles which made him an outlaw from society that his hearers could offer no argument.

"I have loved her since I first saw her, a week ago," he commenced, "and if she becomes mine she becomes a happy wife."

Right here was where Aunt Martha was to rise up, assume a theatrical air, and bid the Mormon make all haste to clear the door before a dish of scalding water struck him; but she found herself unequal to the emergency, and Uncle Barry sat with open mouth and studied the ceiling.

"As a wife you shall want for nothing," he continued, moving over and seeking to take one of Bessie's hands. She drew back, moved a step away, and replied:

"It is idle for you to talk thus. I could not for a moment think of marrying you, even if you were not an exponent of a creed which is a disgrace to civilization!"

"My dear girl, allow me to hope that I have been too forward and have frightened you, and that after a longer acquaintance you may give me a more favorable answer," he said, standing before her.

"I never, never shall!" she exclaimed, with consid-

erable vehemence. "I loathe the doctrines you uphold, and you force me to say that you are not personally agreeable to me."

"She is young," he remarked, in an apologetical tone, turning to the husband and wife; "she is not competent to analyze her own feelings yet, and I trust that both of you, as her near and true friends, and as friends desirous of seeing her life made happy, will advise her to think favorably of my offer."

Bessie's pointed language had broken the spell which the Elder's silvery voice had woven about Aunt Martha, and she answered his appeal by saying:

"She knows her own mind well enough, and you have the only answer I would consent for her to give! It's about bedtime, and I think you'd better be going!"

The Elder backed out as gracefully as possible, and Uncle Barry, who felt a little sympathy for him, accompanied him to the gate and muttered something about highstrung girls and fiery old women.

"I shall call again," said the Elder, as he walked down the path; but when he was at the highway, he stopped, shook his fist at the house, and muttered:

"We'll see, Miss Bessie—we'll see!"

Aunt Martha was out of temper all the evening, to think that she lost her courage just when she needed it most, and Bessie said she felt insulted, and posted off to her room to have a cry and to write home that a fearful old Mormon wanted to take her to Salt Lake as his wife.

The excitement still continued among the villagers, and in a few days more the Elder had a band of twenty ready to start. The deluded people had made great pecuniary sacrifices, and in two cases wives who had run mad with religious excitement were to leave their families behind. All were more or less affected, and those who would not go felt that they had no right to discourage those who could. There was even talk of nailing up the church doors against the exponents of the true Christian doctrine, which had all at once become the doctrine of devils.

The Elder did not call on the Barry family again, as he promised, and none of them were counted among his audiences after that evening. It became known throughout the village that the Mormon wanted Bessie Baine as a wife, and it was the general remark that she ought to accept him. Several of the converts called to wrestle with her decision, but Aunt Martha had "got her New England temper up," and she sent them away in a hurry.

Deep Valley is on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, and when the day came for the converts to leave they were furnished with tickets and put on board the cars, and Deep Valley believed that it had seen the last of the Elder for a year or two at least. The presence of the man in the town had prevented Bessie from rambling about as she would like to do, and she felt a great relief when the train bore the band out of sight.

"Good riddance to the whole pack of fools!" growled Aunt Martha, and Uncle Barry laid down his paper and said he hoped that she wasn't learning to swear in her old age.

On the afternoon of the third day after the converts



left, a young lady about Bessie's age who had frequently called at the house, came to say that she was going across the creek to her aunt's on the hill, and as the walk was a pleasant one she desired Bessie's company.

"It's safe enough, I guess," replied Aunt Martha, when her opinion was asked for, "but two years ago you'd have been scalped and roasted by Injuns before getting half way there. It's a plain road, and there's so many teams going up and down that you'll sorter have company and wout be afraid if you meet any tramps."

## CHAPTER V.

### LOVER AND CAPTOR.

THE village stopped at the south bank of Deep Creek, and the hillroad led away to the North over knolls and around thickets, and finally ascended Pawnee Hill and continued south to Silver Gulch, twenty miles away. There was an occasional settler along the road, many teams passing, and men had walked it at all hours of the day and night without fear of evil.

It was a warm afternoon, and the girls walked slowly, stopping now and then to rest as the road began to ascend the hill. There were little strips of green here and there as the rocks broke away, and the road was shadowed by pines and blackjack. Only one or two teams passed the girls until they had completed half the journey, and, happening to look back as they reached a lonesome spot, Bessie caught sight of a man skulking after them. He was ten or fifteen rods behind, and as soon as he saw that he was observed he sprang to the side of the road and was lost to sight among the rocks and bushes.

"Let's hurry," whispered Bessie, fearing some evil, and yet not wishing to alarm her companion, and they quickened their steps.

Bessie felt that the unknown was dogging them; but hearing the rattle of a wagon on the road above she did not lose her coolness. The rattling jolting noise increased, and finally became furious; and as the girls turned a bend in the road they saw a powerful team coming down the road at terrific speed, drawing a loaded wagon behind.

The road was not more than twenty feet wide, and as soon as the girls saw that the horses were running away, and were close upon them, they sprang to get out of their path. In their confusion one sprang one way and the other in an opposite direction. Bessie ran behind a huge rock, looked back, saw that the horses were headed for it, and then, avoiding two or three small trees, turned to the left, and was springing up a bank when a hand seized her arm and pulled her back, and a voice said:

"If you make the least alarm I will shoot you!"

She was whirled around until she stood face to face with the stranger who had dogged them.

It was Elder Russell the Mormon!

As she stood looking at him, too amazed to speak or act, the horses dashed past them with a terrible noise. The Mormon kept his hold on her arm with one hand,

and in the other he held a revolver, the muzzle of which was not six inches from her face.

"I am not to be trifled with!" he whispered, as the uproar of the runaways grew fainter; "if you open your lips to utter a cry I will kill you and then shoot your companion!"

Her capture by the Mormon, whom she instantly recognized, paralyzed Bessie for a moment. She stood there on the ledge a little above him, looking steadily into his eyes, with her face growing whiter every instant, and for a time it seemed as if the trees and the rocks were spinning around like tops.

There were rocks and bushes to hide them from the road, and as the Mormon heard the other girl moving about, he tightened his grasp on Bessie's arm, held the revolver a little nearer her face and whispered:

"Remember—remember!"

"Bessie! Bessie Baine!" called the girl.

No answer.

"Bessie, where are you?" called the girl, her voice denoting her alarm.

Bessie raised her eyes and looked towards the road, which was not more than thirty feet away, and the muzzle of the revolver touched her cheek, and the Mormon whispered:

"A word—a whisper—and I will fire!"

Not one man in a thousand would have dared to disobey his warning. His eyes looked ugly and determined, and his finger pressed the trigger of the revolver.

"Bessie! Bessie! Bessie!" called the girl, seeming to be much frightened.

Bessie looked down into the cold cruel eyes of the Mormon and shuddered.

The girl in the road ran up and down, calling out every moment; but after calling many times in vain she seemed convinced that the runaway horses had caught and dragged Bessie along with them, and she ran down the road. They could hear her crying out for several moments, and neither moved until her voice was lost in the distance.

"Now, come with me!" said the Mormon, lowering his pistol.

There was something in his voice which aroused Bessie, and she attempted to wrench her arm away, crying, "Let go of me, villain—help! help! help!"

"What did I tell you?" he hissed, jerking her off the ledge with a violent motion; "if you dare to cry out again I will gag and bind you."

"If you wish to rob me I can tell you that I have no money," she said, feeling so weak that she could hardly stand.

"Humph! come along!" he growled, changing his grasp to her wrist.

"What does this mean—what do you want?" she exclaimed, hanging back.

"Curse your pale face! will you force me to murder you?" he growled, putting up the revolver and drawing a knife.

She read in his eyes the fact that he would strike the knife to her heart if she gave him another provocation, and she followed him as he led the way over the rocks, around the boulders and down the side of the hill.



The girl had guessed his purpose from the first. He had proposed marriage, been refused, and was now determined on revenge. Was he going to lead her to some wild spot and murder her, or was he going to attempt to carry her off as a prisoner? She asked herself the question as he dragged her roughly along, and she grew so faint and weak that by-and-by the trees commenced dancing again and she sank down with a moan, and her white face seemed like the face of the dead.

"So much the better!" growled the Mormon, as he stopped; "I want to keep her so for half an hour, and then all Deep Valley may hunt in vain."

He took from one of his pockets a small bottle of chloroform, and wetting a corner of his handkerchief he held it to her nose until she sank back like one without life.

"That was well done!" he chuckled, as he lifted her in his arm and started down the hill. "They'll spend two or three days looking for the body, and Deep Valley will have to be smart to find it!"

The hill ran from the southeast to the northwest, and the Mormon went in the northwest direction. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes he laid his burden down, and noticing signs that the girl was reviving from her stupor, he again applied the chloroform. He was a full hour making his way down to the plain, and at the spot where he reached it a horse stood under a tree, ready to mount. The plain stretched away to the west for twenty miles before it was broken by anything except an occasional grove, and the railroad track was four or five miles to the south.

"It's three hours yet to dark," said the Mormon, as he looked at the sun and then across the plain; "it won't be safe to move until dark, and there's no danger of being discovered here."

He took a seat near the unconscious girl, and in a few minutes she opened her eyes, raised herself up, and looked around like one who had been dreaming.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MORMON'S PLANS.

"WHERE am I? What has happened?" asked Besie, as she looked around.

"You will remember all about it pretty soon," replied the Mormon, an ugly smile on his face.

The girl gradually threw off the influence of the drug, and when she remembered what had happened she covered her face with her hands and wept.

"You don't like my creed, eh?" he asked in an ironical tone. "I am personally disagreeable to you, am I? Well, perhaps a more intimate acquaintance will improve your opinion of me!"

"Do you seek revenge on me because I could not speak well of you?" she asked, dropping her hands.

"I wanted you for a wife—for my fifth wife. It would have been pleasant, of course, to have had your company willingly, but you would not give that, and so I am obliged to take you as a prisoner."

"Where?" she asked.

"Home—to Salt Lake," he replied.

"And force me to become your wife?"

"Just so, madam," he replied, bowing and smiling.

"I will not go—I will never be your wife!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet.

Her anger and excitement brought the color back to her cheeks, and the villain's eyes sparkled with admiration as he looked at her.

"But you will do both," he said, after a while; "you will be in the Holy City within three days, and this day week you shall marry me!"

She looked up the hill and across the plain, as if meditating escape, and he continued:

"Don't try it; there's no help for you, and if you put me to trouble and arouse my anger it will be the worse for you! If you make one move to escape I will keep you under the influence of chloroform for the next three days!"

The girl had never before known what courage and determination she possessed. She knew that she could not escape by flight, and she looked for some weapon with which to attack him. There was none, and after a moment her womanly fear came back and she sank down again, tears in her eyes and her courage all gone.

"That's right—make the best of it," he said, a smile taking the place of his ugly frown. "If you had a mind to be sensible and submit, we would take the cars and have no trouble. I expect, however, that you will put me to much inconvenience, though it will only delay us instead of defeating my purpose."

She sat with her face turned away from him, and he drew out a pipe, and smoked and watched her. The afternoon waned rapidly, and by-and-by the sun dipped into the prairie. Just as it was lost to view the Mormon and his victim heard faint shouts above them, and he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said:

"They are looking for you. They imagine your mangled body is lying upon the rocks, and every man in Deep Valley will search the hill until sunrise. It's time to go now!"

He saw a rebellious look in her eyes as she rose up, and he continued:

"Take your choice now: If you will go without trouble, all right; if you will not I will apply the chloroform and tie you on the horse."

She was helpless and she submitted. The horse was unfastened, the Mormon helped her to the saddle, and then climbing up behind he spurred the horse to a gallop and headed directly west, intending to strike the Platte River and the Railroad at Lone Tree, thirty miles away.

Twilight enshrouded them as they rode away. Besie looked up at the hill, but it was darker among the pines than on the plain, and she distinguished nothing, except a glimpse here and there of a torch in the hands of some of the party searching for her.

The audacity of the Mormon in returning to Deep Valley and abducting her, greatly amazed the girl. She could hardly believe that he would dare carry her to Salt Lake and attempt to force her into a marriage ceremony; and she had confidence that some of the hunters, settlers or railroad employes would release her the moment she could invoke their aid. She had been told that the power of Mormonism was broken, and that the

railroad had built up many towns and settlements along its route, and if Elder Russell dared ride into a settlement, or place her on board a train, she would unmask him no matter what he threatened.

Mile after mile was galloped over without a word being spoken. Night closed around them, and the course of the horse was always the same, and the country was the same level plain. After a gallop of three hours, during which time they had journeyed a distance of twenty miles, the horse was pulled up at a cabin which stood solitary and alone on the plain. There was no fence around the house, and the Mormon rode up to the door without drawing rein.

There was a candle burning inside, and a woman about forty years old sat smoking at a table, and mending a rent in a pair of buckskin breeches, while a short fat man with little black eyes sat on the step, also smoking.

"Well, back again, eh?" he said, as he rose up.

"So you see," answered the Elder as he alighted.

He lifted Bessie down, and as he led the horse away the fat man helped her into the house and across the room, saying:

"You is tired, poor dear, and the ole woman will get you a bite to eat."

"O sir! he is stealing me away—he is a villain!" cried Bessie, sinking on her knees before the man, whose kind tone had given her cause to hope that he would assist her.

"There! there! poor dear! sit down there!" he said, lifting her up. "Come, Het, fly around and get something to eat."

"O, wont you help me!" sobbed Bessie, holding out her hands to him.

"Of course I will," he replied, gently urging her to sit down. "You are a poor dear child, and my ole woman shall make you a nice cup of tea and doctor you up!"

"But I aint sick—he's stealing me away from my friends, he is!" she cried, catching the man's arm.

"It's too bad—too bad," he replied, pushing her down. "When you have a nice cup of tea and a good sleep perhaps your head will be clear, and you wont see those horrible images any more, nor talk about those strange things."

The woman had not once raised her eyes from her work, but at a third bidding from her husband she rose up and began rekindling the fire in the stove and making preparations for supper.

"You'll be all right—we'll make you all right, see if we don't!" said the man, and then he sat down on the step to finish his pipe.

Bessie was about to approach him when the Mormon came in, and as he stood in the door he said to the settler:

"It's too bad, but I hope her reason is not quite gone!"

"Poor gal—poor gal!" replied the settler.

Bessie was so amazed that she could do nothing but stare at them..

## CHAPTER VII.

### STRANGE NEWS.

"FATHER, I fear that we shall hear bad news," said Farmer Baine's wife one morning, after Bessie had been gone several weeks.

"Thou hast been dreaming about white horses, I suppose, or thou hast seen a load of hay go by without remembering to make a wish," he replied, with a tinge of irony.

"Thou mayest wish thou hadst not made light of my words," she continued, speaking in an injured voice; and she went to her work and the Quaker walked down to the meadow.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, as the Quaker was at the well filling a jug to carry to the hands in the field, Hezekiah Morrow came across the garden from the road. He looked anxious, and was a bit excited. That was the first time he had stepped foot on the Baine farm, since the night Bessie coquetted with him. He had met the farmer at the village or on the highway occasionally, and both nodded a recognition, but neither had gone beyond that.

Farmer Baine was amazed at the young man's presence, and he straightened up with the tunnel in his hand, and inquired:

"Well, Hezekiah, what is it?"

"I was at the village this morning, and Mr. Thompson, the telegraph operator, asked me to bring thee this telegram."

"A telegram—dear me! but what swift news is this?" said the Quaker, as he took the envelop.

Hez stood by, leaning on the wellcurb, as if he intended to remain until he knew the contents of the despatch, and after turning the envelop several times over, the Quaker asked:

"Wilt thou not come into the house, Hezekiah, and see if we have good or ill news?"

"Thanks, I will," he replied; "I fear that it is some bad news concerning thy daughter."

They met Aunt Deborah at the door, and as soon as she understood that it was a telegram she fell into the first chair and whispered:

"Father, what did I tell thee this morning?"

"Thou canst read it better than either of us," said the farmer, as he passed the envelop to Hez.

The young man slowly opened it, unfolded the sheet of paper, and they saw him grow white as he read.

"It is about Bessie," he said, as he looked from husband to wife.

"Read," commanded the Quaker.

Hez read:

"BROTHER BAINE,—Bessie has been carried off by the Indians! No hope of rescue, though a party is on the search! Will send full particulars by letter. You had better come.

ABERNETHY BARRY."

There was a low moan as Hez spoke the last words, and then Aunt Deborah fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"Hezekiah, thou hadst better place her on the bed and go for thy mother, for I myself am like a child!" said the Quaker, his chin quivering and his eyes full of tears.



Hez picked up the woman in his strong arms, carried her to the bed in the recess of the sitting-room, and it was hardly ten minutes before he had returned with his mother. Aunt Deborah was just reviving, and Uncle Jeremiah was on his knees by the bedside praying and crying.

It was a quarter of an hour before any one was calm enough to discuss the affair rationally; and as Hez re-read the telegram, the Quaker said:

"Aunt Deborah is not strong enough to endure the long journey, but I shall start for the West this night."

"And I shall go with thee," answered Hez; "and, God willing, I shall not come back until I have rescued Bessie alive, or found that she is dead!"

"But I thought that Bessie was nothing to thee!" said the farmer in astonishment, forgetting his grief for a moment.

"She would have been my wife had she not found one more worthy of her," answered Hez.

Explanations followed, and in a little while it became plain to all that Bessie's mischievous spirit had brought about a great misunderstanding, which time had constantly aggravated.

"Did I ever hear the like!" exclaimed Uncle Jeremiah, when convinced that it was all Bessie's fault, and that Hez loved her as deeply and as dearly as ever.

Aunt Deborah was well along in years, and so fat that she could hardly move about, and the idea of her making the long journey was out of the question. The weary ride would tell heavily on the strength of the old Quaker, but he would let nothing hold him back. It was agreed that Hez should accompany him, and the young man drove to the village to answer the telegram.

The message announcing Bessie's disappearance was brief and contained no particulars, and the Quakers could only surmise where they yearned for facts. Aunt Deborah was not in a condition to advise or direct, taking the affair so much to heart that she could not leave her bed.

During the afternoon the men made hasty arrangements for the care of their business during their absence, and an hour after sundown were seated in the cars and had commenced their journey.

"Thou must bear up, Deborah," said Uncle Jeremiah, as he bent over the bed to kiss her good-by; "and thou must remember that the Lord doeth all things in his own good way. If it is his will to restore our good daughter, we shall bring her back; but if he has designed to chasten us thou must help me bear the burden."

Hez was anxious, excited, and yet a bit elated. When he learned that Bessie had only been trifling a little with his heart, just as all girls love to do, and that her constancy had not wavered, he felt almost glad that the telegram had come to result in explanations which had rolled away the only great burden his heart had ever carried.

"If we return without her I fear that the burden of grief will be too heavy for Aunt Deborah to carry," said the Quaker, as they dashed along through the darkness.

"If we do not find her thou wilt come back alone!" quietly replied Hez; and he shut his teeth together hard, and his face grew a shade paler.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SEARCH.

BESSIE's companion, after regaining the road and calling several times without receiving an answer, became frightened and ran back down the road towards Deep Valley, believing that Bessie had been caught by the runaway team and dragged along.

This idea was dispelled in a short time, the girl coming to the spot where three or four men had stopped the horses without having made any discoveries along the road.

The men, being informed of what had occurred, returned with her up the hill and commenced a search. The bushes and ledges along the wild road were examined without avail, and finally becoming alarmed, a messenger was sent to the village and the adult male population turned out *en masse*.

The road was traversed a hundred times, and men searched the hill on both sides of the highway until dark; but when night shut down they had found not the least clue to the whereabouts of the missing girl.

Bessie's companion could only say that both had sprung aside to escape the team, and that, regaining the road after a moment or two, she had missed Bessie and called to her in vain. It was the general idea, after the search had been continued until dark, that Bessie had run a considerable distance into the woods to escape the team, and that, in trying to regain the road, she had become lost. There was only one highway over the hill, and no settlers except on the line of this road. The hill was covered with pines, rocks, vines and bushes, and one lost in the wilderness might wander about for several days without finding human habitation.

There was no sleep in Deep Valley that night. All night long men traversed the pine-covered hill, bearing torches to light the way, and among the searchers were twenty or thirty women. At daylight the people gathered at the spot where Bessie had disappeared, and held a council.

Foremost in the search had been three or four Indian fighters and prairie hunters, and when all the searchers had come in with the same report, these men began to whisper that the Indians had had a hand in the girl's disappearance. The hill had been searched for a distance of ten miles up and down, and to the edge of the plain on either side, and it seemed impossible that they could have missed the girl had she been lost in the wilderness.

And yet it had been two years since a savage had been seen within thirty miles of Deep Valley; and it was hardly probable that a band, large or small, would ride into the neighborhood and be content with carrying off one victim when another was at hand and unable to offer any resistance.

"Looks curus, it does," said an old hunter, known as Joe White.

"An' it's my opinyun that we ar' wastin' time up hyar," replied his partner, a man of equal age and experience.

The two men left the council and returned to the village after their horses, accompanied by Mr. Barry,

who sent off a telegram to apprise the Quaker father and mother of what had happened.

Without informing any one of their plans, the two hunters saddled their horses and rode off to the north-east, following the base of the hill, and riding slowly so as to watch for "signs."

"No, 'taint Injuns," said Joe, as they cantered along; "and if 'taint Injuns, what is it?"

"Nor she didn't fall over the rocks, nor git lost in the woods," added the other.

"She's a pooty gal, an' some o' those onery whelps up at Dutch Gulch may hev lifted her on to the saddle and galloped off," resumed Joe. "If it ar' so, there'll be sum shooting or hanging, I reckon."

Believing that the girl had been abducted, they had determined on making a circuit of the hill. There was a bad class of men at Dutch Gulch, Black Rock Canyon and at other points along the hill, and some of them would not hesitate at any crime. If the girl had left the hill they would find the trail on the prairie, and once finding it they would follow on until the mystery of her whereabouts was cleared up. The rest of the villagers would renew the search on the hill, and between both parties some clue would undoubtedly soon be discovered.

Their horses going at an easy pace, the hunters rode until noon, when they reached Dutch Gulch and had found no trace. The miners in the Gulch turned out to hear the news, and when they learned that a young woman had been stolen away, each man proffered his aid in the search. It was evident that the girl had not been brought that way, but the hunters proposed to make a circuit of the hill before stopping. When night came they were on the north side thirty miles from Deep Valley, and they camped on the plain.

About ten o'clock the next forenoon, as they were riding down the western base of the hill, they came upon the trail of a horse leading due west, and both were off their horses in a moment.

"I said so," growled Joe, as he knelt on the prairie and saw that the horse wore iron shoes.

"It was throwing time away to look for the gal on the hill," added his companion, as they walked close in to the base and saw where the horse had been picketed.

Their quick eyes discovered the places where the Mormon and the girl had rested on the ground while waiting for darkness; and they could have easily followed the villain's trail back up the hill to the place where he surprised her.

"It's a white man," said Joe.

"Yes, but who?"

"Can't say now, though we can find out afore dark, I guess."

"He has struck for the Platte."

"P'raps—can't tell; let's push ahead."

The two mounted and rode rapidly across the plain. The earth was soft and yielding, and the hoof-prints of the Mormon's horse were so plainly visible that they could ride at a full canter. Both were filled with curiosity to know who the stranger was, for it was a bold thing to do, and they were the men who would be foremost in dealing out such punishment as his conduct deserved.

About one o'clock, having hardly pulled up for a breathing spell since leaving the hill, they came in sight of the lone cabin before which the Mormon had halted the night before. The trail led straight ahead toward the cabin, and as they drew rein for a moment Joe growled:

"Cuss him, bnt this is old Podger's work!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SETTLER'S SECRET.

AFTER a few minutes the hunters galloped on again toward the cabin, having no other idea than that they would find it deserted on their arrival. Both knew old Podger by sight, and had passed words with him, and both had reason to suspect that he was a member of a border gang which dealt in counterfeit money, stolen horses and other stock, and which murdered and robbed strangers on the lonely highway. Suspicious characters had been seen going to and coming from his cabin, and Podger never entered any of the villages or sought the friendship of any of the settlers. Honest men had kept away from him, and though one and another had often said that this case ought to be looked into, there were no direct proofs and no one was disposed to take the lead.

The cabin was in a lonely place. The plain ended there, and from thence to the Platte the country was badly broken and grown up to bushes and stunted pines. There was no other settler within five miles, and Podger could have kept a bad gang around him without any outsider being the wiser unless by accident.

The hunters rode straight for the cabin, and as they drew rein they saw the settler seated on the doorstep smoking his pipe.

"Howdy, gentlemen?" he said, as they dismounted and approached him.

"Fairish," replied Joe, leaning on his heavy rifle and looking the old man square in the face.

The door was open and they could see the old woman smoking and rocking. She must have known of their presence, but she went on rocking and smoking and never turned her head.

If Podger was guilty of any offence it could not be seen in his face. He blew out the whiffs of smoke at regular intervals, and his fat shiny countenance was covered with a bland smile.

"We're after the girl!" said Joe, when he had taken a look around him.

"What's that?" inquired Podger, his smile deepening.

"We want the girl stolen by some of your gaug from the hill yesterday afternoon!"

"I don't know what you mean," replied Podger, putting on a look of inquiry, and forgetting his pipe for a moment.

"Cover him, Tom!" said Joe to his companion; and as Tom pulled a revolver and levelled it at Podger's head, Joe walked into the house.

The old woman was still rocking and smoking, and she kept her eyes on the wall.

Joe opened the door leading into the one other room, mounted the ladder and looked into the loft, and came



down and passed into the yard, and looked into the log stable. A horse had lately been fed there, but there was no living thing around the stable.

Running to the house, the hunter stood in the centre of the room and looked around him. Podger sat on the step, smoking and smiling, and the old woman rocked to and fro and blew the smoke half way to the ceiling. He knew that Bessie Baine had been brought to the cabin, but there was nothing to convict the man and woman.

"Believe me, gentlemen, if any girl has been stolen I know nothing about it!" said Podger, as Joe stood on the grass before him again.

"But we followed the horse right to this door," replied Joe.

"There hasn't been a horse here for a week," continued Podger; "not for a full week!"

The hunters knew that he told a bold lie. The trail they had followed was fresh, and Joe had seen enough at the stable to convince him that a horse had been fed there within twenty-four hours. If he would lie about the horse he would lie about the girl.

"Come out here, we want to talk with you!" said Joe, motioning toward the bushes.

Podger's face flushed a little, and he glanced around as if embarrassed.

"On my solemn oath I am telling you the truth," he said, as he looked from the men to the old woman, who had not yet left off her rocking or smoking.

"Sit there a minute longer and I'll shoot you!" said Joe, holding his revolver in his hand.

Podger's red face turned white, as he rose up and followed them, Joe going ahead and Tom bringing up the rear. They passed into the scrub forest after going about ten rods from the cabin, and Joe led them ten or fifteen more before halting under a wild plum tree.

"Get one of the lariats," he said to Tom, as he looked up at the limbs; and the hunter was back with it in five minutes.

"You don't mean to hang an innocent man, do you?" exclaimed Podger, as he saw the lariat thrown over a limb.

"We mean to find out where that gal is!" quietly replied Joe, making a running noose in one end of the rawhide rope.

"I tell you I don't know!" shouted the old man. "I am a poor hard-working man, and I haven't been a mile from this cabin in a month!"

"Now then," said Joe, and he slipped the noose over Podger's head, and drew it up tight around his neck.

"You are murderers if you do it!" shouted the settler.

"You know all about that gal, and if you don't tell us we will leave your body hanging here for the buzzards," replied Joe. "She was brought here to this cabin last night, the horse was fed in the stable, and you know the man. Who is he, and which way did they go from here?"

"May I never speak again if she was brought here, or if I ever saw her or know anything about the matter!"

The man was very pale and anxious, and seemed to be deeply in earnest; but the hunters remembered how

they had followed the trail of the villain from the hill to the cabin door, and they stepped back and seized the free end of the lariat.

"Will you tell?" asked Joe.

"I never saw her," answered Podger.

They walked away with the lariat, and next moment he was off his feet and dangling in the air, his face the color of ink, his legs kicking and his arms wildly clutching the air.

They held him thus about ten seconds, and then lowered him down and loosened the noose.

"What about the gal?" asked Joe.

It was a full minute before Podger could get his breath, and then he gasped:

"I swear to Heaven, I don't know!"

"Try him again!" said Joe, and they elevated him a second time. His contortions and struggles were terrible, and he was almost gone when they let him down and loosened the noose.

"Don't—don't—I'll tell all!" he gasped, as he got his breath.

"I knew you would!" said Joe, and they sat down to wait.

## CHAPTER X.

### A SICK GIRL.

BESSIE looked around the cabin, at the old woman, and from the settler to the Mormon, and she could not understand. The settler kept calling her "poor dear," and condoling with her, and pitying her, and the Mormon had spoken as if she was not in her right mind.

And yet she was sane, and she was their prisoner. It was evident that Russell and the settler were old acquaintances; that the Mormon had taken the man into his plans, and secured his aid, and that the inmates of the cabin would render the villain all further assistance.

"I suppose you are anxious to get home as soon as possible?" inquired the settler as the Mormon sat down.

"Yes—the sooner I am home the better it will be for my daughter," replied Russell.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" sighed the settler, gazing long at Bessie.

She was first amazed, and then angered. She *knew* she was not insane, and she felt that they were not in earnest in speaking as they did. It was only in furtherance of some other plan, she thought, and she could not keep back her indignation.

"You are both villains!" she cried, rising up, and standing before them. "I am not insane, and you know it! You have stolen me from my friends, and now you have some other fiendish plan to carry out, and you call me crazy!"

"There, poor daughter, *do* be quiet!" answered the Mormon, seeking to take her hand, and lead her back to her chair.

"Hands off, you wretch!" she shouted, striking at him furiously.

"Why, she's real, real bad, isn't she?" said the settler, looking up, as if his heart overflowed with pity for her.

For the moment, she felt as if she could tear them limb from limb, but then her strength departed, and she staggered to a chair, and sat down.

"Has she been that way long?" asked the settler, after a long pause.

"About six months," answered the Mormon. "I noticed it first when we were in Alabama, last fall, but I may say that she has never been like her old self since her mother died, a year ago. I have had the best medical advice in the country, but nothing has been of any benefit, and I am now returning home with my mind made up that her malady is incurable!"

"It is a sad, sad thing," sighed the settler.

"You cannot know the anguish until you have endured it," continued Russell. "There are hours when she will sit and converse quite naturally, and when she seems to recognize me, and then, again, she will revile and denounce me as you have just seen. Sometimes it seems as if my aching heart would break!"

Was she Bessie Baine? Was she dreaming? Was she crazy? The poor girl was frightened, as she asked herself that question. She felt sure that she was still Bessie Baine, that she was awake, and as for being insane she would not admit the possibility of such a thing. She could remember father and mother—Hez—the old home—the journey—the Barrys—the capture—her arrival at the cabin—no, she was perfectly sane.

But yet why did they talk to her as if she had lost her reason, and why did the Mormon call her his daughter? The settler must know all about it, and now, when they had her in their power, what need to be hypocrites as well as villains?

The old woman had not spoken a word, and had not once cast her eyes toward Bessie, so far as the latter had observed. In about half an hour after going about it she had supper ready. There were tea, bread, dried meat, butter and milk, and the woman was clean and neat in preparing the table. Bessie had made up her mind that she would not touch a mouthful of food, but just as the table was ready, the old woman looked her square in the face for a moment, motioned her to eat, and there was something like motherly sympathy in her look.

"What time did you say we would take the train?" asked the Mormon, as he drew up to the table.

"About six," answered the settler; "you can ride over in half an hour from here, and there's time for both of you to get considerable sleep between now and starting time."

There was hardly another word spoken during the meal. Bessie drank her tea, and nibbled at the food, and as soon as supper was concluded the woman beckoned to her to enter the other room. As she entered it, the woman pointed to the bed, stepped out, and after a moment, was heard securing the door on the other side.

If the strange woman sympathized with the girl, she dared not show it except very slyly, and Bessie's hopes were crushed again. She threw herself on the bed and let her grief and anxiety overcome her. She heard the trio in the other room, talking in gruff tones for a few minutes, and then all retired to rest, the woman going to the loft, and the men stretching out on the cabin floor.

Bessie was too young and hopeful to allow her spirits to remain long depressed. She began to remember that there was a witness of her strange disappearance from the mountain road, and that an alarm would be given, and a search instituted. Her Uncle Barry was not the man to give up while a single hope remained, and she believed that they must soon strike the right trail.

What troubled her most was her ignorance of the Mormon's intentions regarding the immediate future. He had said that he was going to take her to the Holy City and make her his wife, but perhaps he would go no further than the cabin, or he meant to keep her a prisoner in some cave or cabin in the woods.

On one point Bessie was firmly determined, no matter what threats the villain might indulge in. She knew that he would not dare travel overland to Salt Lake alone, for fear of the Indians, and if he joined a party of immigrants, or if they took passage by rail, she would tell her story to and ask the aid of the first honest-looking man she came near.

Weeping and planning by turns, she caught a few minutes' sleep during each hour until daylight, when she was aroused by the woman. There was hot coffee and food on the table, and as the Mormon was leading up the horse, Bessie drank a few swallows and ate a few mouthfuls. The man looked at her as if pitying her mental condition, and the woman was the same imperturbable, unreadable person of the night before. As the horse was brought round to the door, the Mormon made the halter fast, and then stood before Bessie, and said:

"My daughter, before we go further, I want to speak a few plain words, heeding which you may be better off."

## CHAPTER XI.

### CHLOROFORM AGAIN.—AN ESCAPE.

"I WANT you to understand," continued the Mormon, "that you are my daughter, and that you are insane. I am going to take you home to Salt Lake, and any opposition on your part, will only make your situation worse!"

"You are a monstrous liar and a villain!" she exclaimed, more angered than frightened.

"No matter about that," he went on, "what I want to understand is, whether you will go peaceably, or whether I must use force and the chloroform again?"

"O sir! he is stealing me from my friends!" sobbed Bessie, turning to the settler. "I am not his daughter—I know he is a bad man—please help me to return to my friends at Deep Valley."

"Poor girl—poor dear thing!" replied the man in a soft voice, "Don't take on so—please don't! He is your good, kind father, and please do as he wants you to!"

Bessie looked from one to the other, and as she asked herself the dreadful question, "Am I really insane?" she felt a cold chill go over her and she ceased to sob, and grew quiet in a moment.

"Well, what do you say?" inquired the Elder in an impatient tone. "I shall succeed in taking you through, no matter how much trouble you give me, but of course,



it would be pleasanter to meet with no opposition."

"Elder Russell," she said, speaking calmly and deliberately, "I am in your power just now, and I am forced to accompany you. But, you must understand that my friends will not let this crime go unpunished, and I warn you further that I shall appeal for aid to the first man whose ears I can reach."

"You will only increase your troubles if you do," he replied.

The settler assisted her to mount the horse, the Mormon climbed up behind, and in a moment more they were galloping toward the railroad station.

The Mormon was going to do a bold thing. He was going on board the train with the girl as regular passengers, trusting that his threats would prevent her from exposing him. If they did not, however, he had his plans laid, and statements ready to offset anything she might say.

The railroad station was only a hamlet, and there was no fear of meeting any one there who would heed an appeal from the girl. As they rode up, they found the small station-house empty, and there was not a person in sight.

"Take your choice now," he said, as he followed her into the room, "say you will go on board the train without making any fuss, or I will chloroform you!"

"I promise nothing—nothing but to expose your villainy at the first favorable moment!" she replied.

It lacked but ten minutes of train time, and going out to see if any one was in sight, the Elder saturated a corner of his handkerchief with chloroform, and returned. She did not believe he meant to drug her there in daylight, with every chance of being interrupted, and he had seized her before she had suspected his design. She screamed once, and then he threw his arm over her neck, held her head under his arm, and applied the handkerchief to her face, until he felt her sinking down. He then placed her on a seat where the wall would support her head and shoulders, and she was allowed to inhale the chloroform until she was like one dead.

The train was nearly at the station, before any one arrived at the depot, and then there was no time to question the Mormon. As the train stopped, he sprang on board, secured two seats next the door, and in a moment more had brought the girl on board in his arms. Numbers of passengers saw the girl, noted her deathlike pallor and limp form, but it was not an unusual sight to see sick people brought on the cars and they had no questions to ask. She was placed on the seat with her head comfortably supported, the Mormon sat down opposite, and as the train started, he commenced fanning her with his hat.

"Sick, eh?" inquired the conductor as he came for the tickets.

"Not only that, but crazy," replied Russell. "She's my daughter, and we have been travelling in hopes a change would benefit her, but I fear that she will have to go to the asylum."

"Too bad," sighed the conductor; and he made change for the fares and passed on.

Bessie was weak from having suffered such mental distress, and she was a long time recovering from the

influence of the drug. Even after she opened her eyes and had won back some of her color, she felt dreamy and did not care to stir. She realized that the villain had placed her on the train, and that he was there before her, but it was a long time before courage and strength returned.

He saw her eyes kindling at last, and he leaned forward and whispered:

"We have been very fortunate, the cars are filled with Mormon converts going to Salt Lake, so that we have good company!"

"You had your choice, and you chose chloroform," he continued, after a moment. "However, there will be no further need of such coercion, for these are all my people, many known to me personally, and you can tell your story as often and to whom you please."

How could she dispute his assertions? She saw men, women and children in the car; well dressed and poorly dressed, and they looked as much like Mormons as Russell did. She felt that he had triumphed over her, and she gave up the idea of invoking aid from a stranger.

It was noon before Bessie fully recovered from the influence of the chloroform and felt like sitting up, and then she was disposed to avoid all attention on account of her garments. She had left Deep Valley with a tidy dress and collar, and a jaunty hat, but the rough usage had crumpled all, and she felt ashamed at her appearance. She, however, received but little attention, being in the rear end of a car.

At noon, when the train drew up at an eating-station, the Mormon sent out by a fellow-passenger and secured a lunch, but what he could not eat he had to throw from the window, as Bessie refused to touch a mouthful.

The afternoon passed away without incident, and night finally came. The Mormon congratulated himself on the success of his plans, as they would reach Salt Lake during the next forenoon, if no accident interrupted. Bessie kept her corner, minding nothing but her own thoughts, and about an hour after dark Russell began to feel sleepy. He fought against it for half an hour, but the train was running across the great plains, the stations far apart, and there was nothing to keep him vigilant. He saw Bessie's eyes closed, watched her for a few minutes, and then leaned his head over and was asleep in five minutes.

The girl's eyes opened after a time, and as soon as she became sure that her companion was asleep she sat up straight. It was a warm night and the car doors were open. She looked from the window into the dark night, then at the door, and then gathering her skirts in her hands she moved softly into the aisle. She looked back as she reached the door, and at that moment the Mormon raised his head and saw her.

"Here—ho—stop her!" he shouted; but before he was out of his seat, she had passed out on to the platform and leaped into the darkness—to death, perhaps.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PODGER'S CONFESSION.

"Now, then, go ahead with your yarn," said Joe, as he let Podger down, and loosened the noose around his neck; "but if you go to lying we'll pull you up to the limb again."

"The—the girl was here last night!" gasped Podger, as he leaned against a tree.

"Yes, I know that, but who was with her?"

"He looked like a miner."

"When did they leave, and which way did they go?"

"They were here about an hour, had a bite to eat, and then rode south toward Big Springs."

"Did the girl take on and seem to feel bad?" asked Tom.

"No, she didn't; I didn't see a tear, and I didn't know as anything was wrong until you rode up an hour ago."

Tom and Joe drew apart to consult. Podger seemed to be truthful, and there was nothing in his statement out of the way, except his saying that the stranger took to the south, which was a settled country. A person having stolen a young woman from her friends, and anxious to escape pursuit, would hardly ride toward a section of country filled up with settlers.

"Hold ou," said Tom, as a sudden thought struck him; and he made a circle around the hunter, and struck the trail of the horse. The prairie was soft and the grass short, and he could follow the hoofprints at a run. He kept the trail for half a mile, and when he returned to Joe he said:

"The old man is lying to us. The gal-stealer struck to the northwest, either to take the cars or to cross the Platte into the Injun towns."

At that moment the strange old woman was discovered seated on a log not far away, and as she saw that she was observed, she commenced chanting in a thin shrill voice:

"He has been lying,  
Lying, lying, lying,  
He has deceived you—  
He has told lies—  
Bad lies—big lies!"

"See here, mother, wout you tell us all about this matter?" asked Joe, as he approached her.

"The dead can't speak—  
Not a word—not a word,  
He has told lies—  
He has fooled you!"

chanted the old woman in reply.

Podger sat at the foot of the tree, waiting their pleasure; and being sure in his own mind that the fellow had lied, Joe said to him:

"We'll hold you up this time until you'll be glad to speak the truth."

"I assure you, gentlemen, that I have spoken nothing but the truth," replied Podger, beginning to turn pale. "The old woman there is crazy, and you must not mind what she says."

"Up you go!" said Joe, slipping the noose over his head, and they hauled away on him without giving him a chance to speak.

Podger was left dangling until ten more seconds would have finished him, and the hunters were several minutes reviving him.

"Next time we'll leave your body to feed the crows!" said Joe, as he bent over him.

"I'm going to tell you the truth this time," said Podger; and as soon as he could use his tongue he informed them that Elder Russell was the man who had carried Bessie Baine off. He would not criminate himself, but made no effort to shield the Elder, and the hunters were convinced that he was speaking the truth. He told them that the Mormon intended taking the train at the station for Salt Lake, and they knew that he was far on his way by that time, if he had met with no detention.

"You might have told us this an hour ago and saved your throat," said Joe, as they concluded to ride back to Deep Valley.

Podger forced a sickly smile, waved his hand to them, and as they rode off he was seated in that same old spot on the doorstep, smoking as calmly as if nothing had happened.

The hunters had chased the fox to cover. If the Mormon had reached Salt Lake with the stolen girl, their method of trailing and spotting would not be wanted, and the friends of the girl must form other plans.

They returned to Deep Valley to find that the citizens had just abandoned the search. Mr. Barry had telegraphed to the Baines, and had received their answer, and when the citizens heard the story of the hunters, it was deemed best to wait until the arrival of the Quaker before taking any further steps.

Riding day and night, and impatient at a moment's delay, Uncle Jeremiah and Hez Morrow finally arrived at Deep Valley, and even before they had washed the dust of travel away, they were put in possession of the fact that Bessie had been abducted by a Mormon and taken to Salt Lake.

The Quaker was grieved, anxious, and as indignant as his creed would allow him to get. He was for pushing on to Salt Lake at once, knowing nothing of the real state of things there; but he was forced to listen to and heed the advice of the borderers.

"If thou sayest that these Mormon heathen would fall upon and murder me, then I must restrain myself," he said, but he was not half-satisfied.

Hez would much rather have known that Bessie had been carried off by the savages, and he would hearken to no plan which would not give him a foremost position.

Joe, the hunter, was willing to go, but Tom was called elsewhere. Knowing that nothing could be accomplished by force, and that the mission was full of danger, Joe argued that if Hez had backbone, the two would be plenty enough. The Quaker was old, Uncle Barry honest and clumsy, and either would be a hindrance to the success of their plans.

"Friend, I cannot boast of being fool-hardy," said Hez to the hunter; "but I think thou mayest depend upon me in a pinch. At least, I shall not run away; and if it becomes necessary to strike blows, or use carnal weapons, I shall use them, and ask to be forgiven for having departed from my principles."



The train passed at midnight; and long before its arrival it had been planned that only Joe and Hez should go on. They were supplied with money and proper weapons, and as they left for the station the Quaker said to Hez:

"Hezekiah Morrow, thy creed commands thee to be peaceable and mild-tempered; but if thou findest opportunity to use thy fist or thy pistols to better the cause of my daughter, thou needst have no qualms of conscience!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### RECAPTURED.

"STOP the train! Stop! Stop!" shouted Elder Russell, as he stood on the platform and realized that Bessie had leaped off.

The passengers tumbled over each other in their confusion, and it was three or four minutes before the train was halted. The Mormon explained to the conductor what had happened, and the train was run back to the point—as near as it could be located—where the girl leaped off. It was on the broad prairie, and as soon as it became generally known that "a crazy girl" had jumped off, a dozen men volunteered to assist in the search.

The night was not so dark but that one could see quite a distance in every direction, and in ten minutes after the search commenced, one of the passengers found the girl. Bessie had struck the grass and been roughly used, and she had only recovered from the shock and started off when the stranger overtook her. Her screams, as the man seized her dress, drew everybody to the spot, and she cried:

"Save me from that man! He is a villain, and has stolen me away from my friends!"

"How is this?" inquired a brawny borderer, whose sympathy was at once aroused.

"Gentlemen, this young lady is my daughter!" said the Mormon, as he grasped Bessie's arm. "Poor girl! She has been this way for months, and I have no hope that she will ever be better!"

"This is all right," said the conductor, coming up at that moment. "Come, we can't delay here."

Bessie hung back, screaming and sobbing, but the Mormon and one of the passengers urged her along into the car. There was a general rush to see her as she sat down, and noting the look of sympathy on each face the girl suppressed her emotion and calmly said:

"This man is a Mormon! He has abducted me from my friends at Deep Valley! He tells a falsehood when he says that I am crazy!"

"She has been insane ever since her mother's death," replied the Mormon, wiping his eyes as if much distressed.

"His name is Elder Russell, and mine is Bessie Baine," continued the girl. "My parents live in Pennsylvania, and the Barrys at Deep Valley are my uncle and aunt. He seized me while I was walking on the hill, and brought me across the prairie on horseback to the station. I am not crazy, I tell you, but he is trying to make me so."

"I believe this thing ought to be looked into, hang me if I don't!" exclaimed the borderer who had spoken before.

The passengers crowded nearer, and began to express words of sympathy, and thus encouraged Bessie went on:

"He wanted me to marry him and I refused, and this is his revenge. I am speaking only the truth. If we could telegraph to Deep Valley, all the people there would support my statement, and my uncle would come for me. Wont some one aid me?"

"You bet some one will!" replied the borderer, forcing his way nearer. "If you say the word, I'll pitch the cussed Mormon through the window!"

Russell had been wiping his eyes in a vigorous manner, and now finding himself in close quarters, he said:

"Gentlemen, I again assure you that the girl is my daughter, and that she is crazy. I am not a Mormon; I own the store No. 12 Gold Street, Salt Lake, and there are hundreds of men in the city who know me and my daughter, and know all the sad circumstances. Her mother died a year ago, and three months afterward this poor girl became insane. We have been travelling since then to see if a change would not benefit her, but it has not, and you can imagine my feelings now as I am taking her home with the knowledge that she will never have her reason again."

The villain buried his face in his handkerchief and seemed overcome. Bessie had been severely shaken by the leap from the train, and her mental excitement had been intense for many hours, and she suddenly gave way and fainted.

The current of sympathy changed at once, or was divided, and when Russell began to sob, the borderer extended his big red hand, and said:

"I axes yer pardin, stranger; I guess you're all right, and I guess the girl's crazy."

In a little time the passengers returned to their seats, and their sleep, and the Mormon made Bessie as comfortable as he could and left nature to restore her. When consciousness was restored she was so weak and helpless that she could not make another effort, and she reclined on the seat and counselled with her thoughts. There had been a momentary hope that she might find friends among the passengers, and although this had been blasted, she still felt braver for the attempt she had made. She had a plan to execute when morning came which could not fail to result in her advantage, although she might not derive any immediate benefit.

Bessie's capture on the hill had been so quickly and quietly effected, that her friends would be in doubt as to the cause of her disappearance. She realized this, and she knew that they might waste valuable time searching for her. If she could notify them that she had been abducted by the Mormon and was being taken to Salt Lake, immediate steps would be taken to rescue her. Her plan was to notify them.

During the balance of the night the girl was as quiet as the Mormon could wish. He was wakeful and vigilant, and once, perhaps thinking that she might be planning, he leaned over her and whispered:

"You are in my power! They will not believe you,

and any future scenes will only make it the worse for you when we reach the city."

Daylight finally came, and at length the train switched into a station to wait for the Eastern bound Pacific Express. Bessie heard one of the passengers remark that they would be delayed twenty minutes; and next moment as the borderer passed her she caught his arm, and said:

"I told you the truth last night, but you would not believe me. I do not ask any aid now except that you will step into the telegraph office and send a message to Abernethy Barry, Deep Valley, saying that Bessie Baine has been abducted by Elder Russell, and is on the way to Salt Lake. Do this for me and God will reward you!"

"There! there! Poor daughter, don't get excited again!" said the Mormon, putting out his hand.

"Do as I ask you!" pleaded Bessie. "I tell you I am *not* his daughter—I am *not* crazy, and he *has* abducted me!"

The borderer looked from one to the other, considerably puzzled, and finally said:

"Well, 'twouldn't do any hurt as I sees."

"Don't do it, sir—she is crazy!" whispered Russell, showing considerable excitement.

"Do—for God's sake, do!" pleaded Bessie.

"Well, I *will*," continued the man. "If she is your daughter or if she isn't, I don't see how it will do any harm, and perhaps the girl is what she says."

Russell dared not expostulate or object further, fearing to excite suspicion; the borderer handed paper and pencil to Bessie, who wrote the message, and he carried it into the telegraph office and ordered it sent at once.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AMONG THE MORMONS.

THE telegram had not come when Joe and Hez left Deep Valley, owing to some misunderstanding, but they did not need it to guide them. Old Podger's confession had put them in possession of the route of the Mormon and his innocent victim, and they had no stop to make between Deep Valley and Salt Lake.

"Is the gal anything to you?" asked Joe, as the train rushed along.

"She may be my wife," frankly answered Hez.

"That's the way to talk," continued Joe; "I want to know all about it now, and then I'll know what to depend on. You're a Quaker, aint you?"

"Yes," meekly answered Hez.

"I thought Quakers wouldn't fight; and you bet we won't get that gal without a few scrimmages."

"I should rather not resort to arms," replied Hez; "but I am in hopes thou mayest not find me running away if there be need of something more than words."

The hunter had serious doubts if their mission would not be altogether fruitless. He knew that deceit, treachery and murder would be opposed to them in their search, and rather than let the girl be recaptured, the Mormons would not hesitate to put her out of the way altogether. Upon her arrival in Salt Lake she would be at once secreted from the search which might

be expected, and nothing but accident could furnish them a clue to her prison, nothing but good luck enable them to rescue her.

He was familiar with the city and the surrounding country, and he had such a close description of Elder Russell, that he felt sure of recognizing the villain at sight. He had not been at Deep Valley during the religious excitement, so that he was not known to the abductor, as was the case with Hez; and these were the only favorable points in their case. They would be "spotted" by the Saints immediately upon their arrival in the city, and every move would have to be made with the greatest caution. There could be but little planning until they had made some discoveries, and during the journey the hunter gave Hez valuable advice as to his general conduct, and as to the need of keeping his errand a profound secret from the spies who might dog and quiz him.

Hez, with his long hair, broad-brimmed hat and Quaker talk, would be noticed by every one; and upon reaching the city he was sent to a Gentile hotel, while the hunter sought lodging among the Saints, as one who had come in off the plains for supplies.

"Thou wilt let me know the moment thou findest out the smallest bit of news?" pleaded Hez, at parting; and the hunter replied:

"We may be here days and weeks, and never hear a word."

Elder Russell could have but one object in abducting the girl—to make her his wife. The right way to commence the hunt, therefore, was to find if the villain was in the city, and where his premises were situated. The first suspicious word or action on the part of Joe would be caught up in an instant and result in his being dogged by spies; and it stood him in hand to be cautious. They arrived in the city about dark, and after partaking of supper, he went to bed without making any inquiries or acquaintances. He had asked for fur-dealers, and given the idea that he had business with them, and no one had questioned him.

During the next three days Joe and Hez met but once, and neither had any information to give. The appearance of a Quaker at Salt Lake was something novel. The natural conclusion in each mind was, that he must have some secret grand there, as a man of peace would not journey that way for pleasure, and a Quaker would not care to invest in mining stocks. Hez might have deceived them by stating that he was an Indian commissioner; these officials being just then drawn from the Quaker fraternity; but he gave a prompt "no" to the inquiry, and made his presence still more a mystery. After the second day he found that men were dogging him as he walked about the streets; and he was rendered more than ever cautious.

After the second day the hunter began to make prudent inquiries. He ascertained that Elder Russell lived in the city, and was engaged in the mercantile business, and the Saint's residence was pointed out to him. But he dared go no further just then.

The Mormons were vigilant and suspicious; and the attack made upon their creed in Congress at Washington had embittered all the leaders. The commander at Camp Corner, in the suburbs, had several times in-



terfered with the Mormon administration of civil affairs in the city, and the presence of a stranger was a subject of comment among the faithful.

At the railroad depot, where he hoped to secure trace of Bessie, the hunter was baffled by the railroad officials. He dared make no direct inquiries, and they volunteered no information.

It was not anticipated that Hez would pick up any news except by the merest accident; and he was to content himself with waiting for the hunter to develop something. The evening of the fifth day had come, and nothing had been unearthed, when Hez, sitting in the office of the hotel near a window which opened on to a veranda, heard a voice say:

"So Elder Russell has brought home a new wife."

"And she's a beauty," replied the second voice; "one of the handsomest women I ever saw."

"He stole her out-and-out, I hear," continued the first.

"So they say, but what's the odds?" replied the second.

"And where's he hiding her?"

"Out at his ranch on the Big Hill road, seven or eight miles from the city."

"And none of her friends have been here?"

"Not a one."

The men changed the conversation, and moved away. Hez had heard every word, and he found himself trembling with excitement. A man sitting near by had been looking over his paper at the Quaker, and could not have failed to note his excitement; but Hez did not notice him. He got up and walked out doors to calm himself, and the stranger smiled wickedly and followed after.

Joe had cautioned the Quaker never to call at his hotel for him, but had directed him to a certain restaurant in the lower part of the city, the proprietor of which was a Gentile and an acquaintance, and had means of conveying information. Hez had never visited the place, but now, having secured information which should be known to his companion as speedily as possible, he started out. In his excitement he forgot the spies, and went straight ahead, having no thought but of Bessie. The man who had followed him out of the hotel kept close behind him, and after travelling two blocks was joined by the two men who had held the conversation on the veranda.

All three were Mormon spies, and suspecting the Quaker's errand they had laid a plan to trap him.

After a walk of twenty minutes, Hez drew near the restaurant, but found himself unable to locate it. He was looking about him when one of the spies tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"That'll do now—come with us."

"What dost thou want of me, friend?" inquired Hez, much amazed.

One of the spies had stepped behind him, and as the Quaker finished speaking, his head received a crashing blow, and he fell like a log.

"Good! up with him now!" said the leader of the spies; and the trio raised the body and hurried off with it.

## CHAPTER XV.

## IN THE LION'S DEN.

"You will gain nothing by sending the telegram," whispered the Mormon to Bessie. "We shall be in Salt Lake in three hours, and once there I defy all your friends to rescue you!"

She had no reply. When the big-hearted borderer returned and said that he had sent the telegram, she felt quite stout-hearted. They would have a solution of the mystery which surrounded her disappearance, and some of them would surely make an attempt to rescue her. She would be braver than she had been. She was in the Mormon's power, but she would dare and defy him, and be on the watch to baffle and escape him.

As the train neared the city he leaned over her, and said:

"If you wish to make another scene I am perfectly willing, but if you desire to act sensibly you will enter a carriage without any objections."

If she had failed to secure aid from the passengers on the train, none of whom were Mormons, she could expect neither aid nor sympathy in a city of Mormons. If she resisted, force would be used to put her into a carriage, and she would have gained nothing.

When the train stopped, the Mormon and his victim entered a hack and were driven rapidly from the depot, Bessie avoiding the crowd as much as possible on account of her apparel.

"I see you have determined to submit and to make the best of the situation," remarked Russell, as the carriage rattled along; but she made no reply. Having overcome her mental excitement, and forced herself to be calm, the girl was regaining strength and determination.

The carriage at length stopped before a long one-story building, situated but two blocks from the grand Tabernacle. The building has been used for years, and is still used by the Mormon leaders as a prison for refractory women.

Wives who attempt to run away, or who refuse obedience to their "masters," or who denounce the creed, are sent to this prison-building for longer or shorter periods, as may please the husbands. Daughters of Mormon citizens who have refused to marry as their parents desired, have been imprisoned for months and months, or until they promise obedience or were driven insane.

Bessie made no objections to alighting and entering. The woman who answered the Elder's knock at the door recognized him, and after securing the door she led the way into a small reception-room.

"Put her down as Clara Russell, fifth wife of Elder Russell," said the Mormon, as the woman opened a register.

Bessie would have expostulated, but the woman turned on her with such a malignant fiendish look, that the poor girl began to tremble and had to sit down on the bench.

"The charge is long-continued refusal to obey her husband, denouncing the creed, and threatening my life," continued Russell; and the woman took down his words, and then turning to Bessie, she said:

"We'll cure you of that in a week's time, my fine lady!"

Russell beckoned her one side and they held a whispered consultation for two or three minutes, after which he approached Bessie and said:

"Mrs. Russell, you know that I desire only your own good. I am going to leave you here to be advised, and I trust that your heart may be softened before the week is out."

She turned her head away without replying, and the Mormon took his departure. After the woman had secured the door behind him she came back and said:

"Come along with me."

She led the way to the washroom and stood by while Bessie washed and combed, and then escorted her to a room about eight by ten feet in size, having a grated door and a barred window. She pushed the girl roughly in, and disappeared, but returned after a short time with a cup of water and a slice of bread.

"Here, take these!" she snarled, as she opened the door; "you won't get anything more until night, and if I hear so much as a whisper from this cell I'll give you the whip!"

"I am not his wife—he stole me away," replied Bessie.

"Look out—that's treason and may be punished with death!" warned the woman. "If I hear those words again I'll have you hung up by the wrists!"

Bessie's cheek grew pale at the thought, and she had no reply. The woman waited a moment, as if hoping that her prisoner would repeat her words; and when she moved away she muttered something about whips and the dark cell.

The room was furnished with a coarse bed, a chair, a small table, and a tin plate and cup. Bessie knew that the building was some sort of a prison, and as soon as the woman had gone she threw herself on the bed and cried and sobbed for hours. It seemed as if she was beyond hope of rescue, and that her feeble resistance would be a mere straw in the Mormon's path. She shuddered at first at the idea of being imprisoned, but soon grew thankful that such was her fate. If Elder Russell intended to keep her there until she promised obedience to his wishes, she would end her life there. Every day that she remained there would be a day of advantage to her searching friends; and she came at last to be very grateful to the Elder for his leniency.

There were other prisoners in the building, but they were not allowed to see each other. Every morning they were taken to the washroom one by one, separately, but were not allowed to leave their cells at any other time.

On the morning of the third day when the woman brought Bessie's breakfast, she asked:

"Your husband desires to know if you will promise obedience in future?"

"I have no husband," replied Bessie.

"Beware how you answer me," hissed the woman.

"Tell me, now, are you ready to become an obedient wife?"

Bessie was stout and brave again, and she indignantly replied:

"I have no husband—I was abducted from home by the villain who brought me here."

"Ah—ha! treason!" chuckled the woman; and she unlocked the door and continued:

"Come with me—come and get a taste of the whip!"

Bessie moved into a corner, her eyes showing courage and indignation.

"Come!" said the woman.

Bessie did not move.

"I'll flay you alive for this—just wait a moment!" shouted the woman; and she turned and ran out after a weapon.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A MIDNIGHT TRIAL.

WHEN Hez regained consciousness he was lying on a stone floor and it was midnight darkness around him.

"Hezekiah, what hath happened to thee?" he inquired of himself as he began to remember what had occurred.

After two or three minutes a sharp pain in the head caused him to put up his hand, covering his fingers with blood. The spy had dealt him a severe blow, and the blood had poured out and matted his hair and soaked into his clothing.

"O, I remember now; thou wast knocked down on the street," he continued as he sat up, "and thou hast been cast into a dungeon of some sort, I perceive."

Crawling on his hands and knees he soon reached a wall, and pulling himself up he felt his way along until he ascertained that he was in a close room about twelve feet square. Feeling in his pockets he found and struck a match, and the brief blaze enabled him to see that his conclusion was correct.

There were two doors to the room, but nothing in the shape of a window except a small grate aperture near the top of one of the walls, probably designed to ventilate the room. The floor was of stone and the walls of brick, and not a sound reached the prisoner.

"Thy enemies found thee asleep and bound thee," he soliloquized, as he remembered how he had been struck down, and concluded that the conversation on the veranda was only a bait to trap him. He remembered of hearing a great crash as the club struck him, but had no idea where he had been carried by the spies.

"Well, thou must have patience and see what will next happen," he continued, as he reflected on the strength of his prison and the probability that his enemies were not far away. His situation was perilous, and he felt annoyed and chagrined that he had been led into the trap after all the advice of the hunter. However he could only await the turn of events and hope that something favorable might occur. Seated against the wall, he waited, and listened and wondered.

About three hours after the Quaker recovered consciousness, one of the doors was softly opened and a man bearing a lamp entered and stood before him. The man was dressed entirely in black, being enveloped in a long black cloak, and having a black mask over his face. He placed the lamp on the floor, and folding his arms he gazed at Hez for full two minutes before either broke the silence. Then the Quaker said:





"I AM COME TO LEAD YOU TO TRIAL!"

"My friend, hast thou come to dress the wound which some of thy godless people gave me on the street?"

The man made no reply, and after a moment Hez continued:

"And I should be greatly obliged to thee, if thou wouldst explain by what circumstance I was brought to this prison, and if thou wouldst inform me when I may leave it."

The man in black glowered down upon him, arms folded and body erect, and it seemed as if he had not heard a word. His object was to terrify the prisoner, but the Quaker had too bold a heart for that.

"If thou hast lost the power of speech, thou mayst understand the language of signs," continued Hez, beginning to use his fingers and hands.

"I am come to lead you to trial," answered the man in a deep heavy voice.

"If I have broken the laws I am willing to accept the verdict of a jury, and thou canst lead the way," answered Hez, rising to his feet.

As they stood facing each other the man slowly extended his arm and there came the muffled sound of a bell.

"One—two—three—four," it struck slowly and heavily, and Hez felt a chill pass over him. There was something strange and solemn about the sound and about the attitude of the man in black, and the Quaker trembled a little.

"Five—six—seven—eight," struck the bell, and the

man held his arm outstretched and looked toward the half-open door.

"Nine—ten—eleven—twelve."

"Come!" whispered the man, and he picked up the lamp and passed through the door.

Hez followed close behind, his mind struggling with amazement and mystery, mingled with a little fear which he could not shake off.

The man led the way down a narrow passage, turned to the left, and ascended a flight of seven or eight stone steps, and as he reached the landing he paused and stretched out his arm again.

"One—two—three—four!" struck the bell. It seemed to be a long ways off, and yet the sound was heavy and each blow distinct.

"Come!" said the man in a whisper, and he opened the door and closed and locked it after the Quaker. Hez felt a board floor under his feet, and knew that he was standing in a good-sized room. He at first believed it to be untenanted, but as they walked forward he caught sight of twelve men sitting in a half-circle around a sort of altar, behind which was seated the thirteenth. He followed his guide around the half-circle and sat down on a chair at the left hand of the judge, behind the altar.

The man in black placed his light on a small table in the centre of the circle, drew pen, paper and ink to him, and sat down to act as recording clerk.

Hez looked around him, and his feeling of awe and amazement increased. It was a room about thirty feet



square, and judge and jury sat in the centre of it. He saw that the three windows were covered with heavy black curtains, a black cloth was on the judge's stand, and each one of the men was clad in the same sombre color and wore a mask to hide his features.

None of them had turned their heads to look at him as he entered, and now as he sat there all seemed unconscious of his presence.

The room was as silent as death. Not a movement—not a whisper to break the silence which oppressed the prisoner more than words could have done. What did it mean? The strange man told him that he was to be tried, but what for, and why at such an unusual hour and under such singular circumstances? The Quaker had a brave heart, but he found himself trembling as he looked around upon the mysterious men who seemed condemned to silence.

Three—five minutes passed, and the stillness had not been broken. The judge leaned his masked face on his hand, and the other thirteen sat with head erect, looking straight forward.

Ten minutes passed, and then the muffled bell slowly tolled the hour of midnight. As the sound died away the judge rose up and said:

"Hezekiah Morrow, are you ready for trial?"

The Quaker gave a start of surprise as he heard his name called, but recovering himself he rose up and replied:

"Friend, I do not understand these strange proceedings."

"Let the trial go on!" said the judge as he sat down; and the secretary drew his materials closer and the jurymen moved for the first time.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A BRAVE HEART.

BESSIE'S heart sank a little as the woman left the cell in search of a weapon, but next moment she nerved herself up and determined that her courage should not desert her.

"Now we'll see!" said the jailoress, as she returned holding in her hand a short heavy whip which had several lashes about two feet long.

Holding the whip over the girl she asked:

"Will you come with me?"

"What for?" demanded Bessie.

"To be punished for your refractory spirit," replied the woman. "I knew the moment I set eyes on you that you would need punishment right away. I warned you, but you persisted in your obstinacy."

"What have I done?" asked the girl.

"No matter, come along!" snapped the woman—"come this instant, or I'll make it the worse for you!"

They were all alone. Bessie could hear no sounds to indicate the presence of any one besides, and she leaped forward and caught and wrenched the whip away, before the surprised woman could make an effort to prevent. Raising the whip above her head she said, pointing to the further side of the room:

"Go back there!"

The woman hesitated, and the whip came down

across her face, leaving three or four deep red marks. The jailoress uttered a scream of pain and rage, and as she saw the whip about to descend again she retreated to the opposite side of the room.

Bessie stepped outside and closed and fastened the door, and at once started down the hall. She was determined on making her escape from the building, and she might perhaps have succeeded, had not the jailoress been provided with measures to raise an alarm. As soon as she understood that she was locked in she blew a whistle, and the sharp notes had hardly ceased echoing when two brawny women, the cook and laundress, rushed into the hall.

"Catch her! Catch her!" cried the jailoress.

Bessie turned at bay, and as the women rushed upon her she dealt them stinging blows, beating them off from their first attack. She slowly retired to the door at the further end of the hall, grasped the knob and found the door locked.

"Kill her! Kill her!" screamed the woman, shaking her cell door.

The women dared not make a second attack, but they ran down the hall and unlocked the cell door. Being three to one there was no more hesitation in attacking. Bessie laid about her with the whip as stoutly as she could, bringing cries of pain from the women, but after a brief struggle she was disarmed and forced back into her cell.

One of the women was sent after ropes, and when she returned with them the three entered the cell and bound the girl hand and foot. Bessie struggled to the last, and when they had secured her she was weak and exhausted.

"Drag her along!" commanded the jailoress, and the two women seized the girl by the arms and dragged her along the hall to the third door on the right, opened it and pushed her in. It was the dark cell. When the door had been shut the darkness could almost be felt. Being bound hand and foot, Bessie could not rise to her feet, but after a time she managed to support herself against the wall in a sitting position.

She might expect some terrible punishment from the jailoress, whose orders had been disobeyed, her dignity insulted and her face lashed with her own whip. Bessie could hear footsteps hurrying up and down the hall, with sounds of heavy articles being dragged about, but a whole hour passed before her cell door was opened. The jailoress entered, and removing the rope from the prisoner's ankles said:

"Now come out!"

It was a moment or two before Bessie could use her limbs, and she employed the time thinking whether to resist them again or to surrender without opposition. There were now three strong brawny women besides the jailoress, two armed with whips and two with clubs, and resistance then and there would be unavailing.

They conducted the prisoner through the hall into a room originally designed for a dining-room, but which was not in use for that purpose. A couple of ropes dangled from the ceiling, and before Bessie knew what they intended the four seized her, dragged her to the ropes and made them fast to those which were about her wrists, thus elevating her arms above her head.



"Now take the whip, Eliza!" said the jailoress as they stood back. "I'll have her whipped to death and her body thrown into the old well!"

The poor girl uttered a low cry as she realized her helpless position and the punishment which was to be given.

"O! we'll break her spirit, we will!" cried the delighted jailoress as she heard the cry. "Take the whip, Eliza!"

The woman desired revenge on her own account, and she stepped back, raised the whip and struck a heavy blow. They expected to see the victim writhe and struggle, and to hear her shriek, but they were disappointed. With eyes closed and teeth hard shut she stood there as if dead. There came a second blow and a third, but there was no scream.

"Strike harder—lay it on!" shouted the jailoress, dancing up and down in her excitement.

Eliza struck with all her strength, and the cruel lashes cut through to the skin. A slight shiver followed each blow, but not a groan or a scream could be forced from the poor victim. Ten or twelve blows had been delivered, when Bessie swayed from side to side, and would have hung a dead weight on the ropes had not one of the women caught her.

"She has fainted away!" she said to the jailoress.

"Never mind, put on the whip!" was the reply.

But the women refused. Bessie was as pale as a corpse, and looked so like death that they were afraid to strike again. They also began to wonder if the jailoress had not exceeded her authority in inflicting such cruel punishment, and they begged of her to let the victim down.

"Well, take her down," she replied, "but her punishment isn't through with yet!"

One of the women ran after water and dashed it into Bessie's face, and in three or four minutes she was restored to consciousness.

"Lift her up and place her on the chair," commanded the woman, and the women placed Bessie in an arm-chair.

"See her eyes—she isn't half conquered yet!" shouted the jailoress.

Bessie's eyes were not even wet with tears, and they showed a determination to brave her persecutors to the last.

"Keep her there until I come back," continued the she fiend, and she hurried off to put in practice some new torture.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ELDER RUSSELL HAS PLANS.

WHEN the jailoress returned she had a pair of shears in her hand, and as she bent over the girl she said:

"Gather up her hair, Eliza; I'm going to cut it close to her head."

The woman was proceeding to obey when the ringing of a bell made her pause.

"That's the doorbell—wait till I answer it," said the jailoress, and going to the door she found Elder Russell there. He had informed her that he should not call

again for a week or ten days, and she was a little put out that he should appear before she had secured her revenge and had time to invent some story to excuse her conduct.

"Please bring Mrs. Russell into the waiting-room; I have come to talk with her," he said as he entered.

She hesitated, started off and then returned and said:

"She isn't very well to-day, and I hardly think she can appear."

"Then I will go to her room," he answered. "I she is ill I must send the doctor around."

He was one of the Mormon satellites—one of the pillars of the church—and to disobey him or to displease him would be to lose her situation and bring down punishment on her head.

"Wait a moment until I see," she answered, and she hurried back to the room where Bessie sat guarded by the women.

"Your husband has called to see you," she commenced, as she began untying the cords which bound Bessie's wrists. "He knows all about your obstinate conduct, and about this punishment, and he hopes it has been the means of altering your decision and of softening your obstinate heart; you did not get half you deserve, and if he only gives his consent I will see that you have the balance. There, now come and slick up your hair, and then follow me to the waiting-room."

She had been untying the cords as she talked, and as she cast them off she rose up and stood impatiently waiting.

Bessie had heard every word, and she had determined her action before the cords were thrown off.

"I have no husband," she answered, "and I shall not go into the waiting-room to see that Mormon villain unless I am carried!"

"Then he will come to your room," said the jailoress.

"I cannot prevent that," replied Bessie, "but he cannot alter my determination or break my will. If he desires to see me he can come here."

The jailoress threatened and then coaxed, but Bessie was inflexible and would not go to the washroom or efface any of the marks of the rough treatment to which she had been subjected.

"You won't mind, but I'll make you mind, or—or—"

The jailoress bent over her victim and whispered the rest of the sentence—

*"Or you'll never leave this building alive!"*

Her looks showed hate, passion and a will to shed the blood of her victim, and after uttering her words she disappeared to return with Elder Russell after the lapse of three or four minutes. Bessie had maintained her seat, and her dishevelled hair, white face and torn clothing filled the Elder with surprise.

"I must tell you what has happened," commenced the jailoress as the two entered, "your wife has sought every opportunity to denounce you and the church and all our people since the hour she entered here. She has been obstinate and disobedient, and this morning she overpowered me, locked me in her room and sought to escape. I have been punishing her but not harshly."

"You may retire," replied the Elder, and as the jail-

oress went out he carried a chair close to Bessie, sat down and said:

"My dear wife, I am exceedingly sorry to find you thus, I had hoped that—"

"I am *not* your wife!" exclaimed Bessie, interrupting him.

"I had hoped, my dear wife," he continued, "that you would by this time have made up your mind to submit to what you clearly see heaven has ordained."

"If you mean by that that you hope to ever make me your wife you are deceiving yourself," she answered. "I tell you once for all that I hate and despise you, your infamous creed and your villanous people!"

She spoke with great vehemence, fairly rising in her chair, and he could read in her every look the fact that she could never be cajoled into a marriage. He grew pale during the two or three minutes of silence, and he spoke in a changed voice as he said:

"Do not be too hasty; you are completely in my power, and I can do with you as I like. You are to become my wife; I said so to myself the first moment I saw you, and it shall be so. Nothing on earth can alter this determination. I prefer to treat you gently, and to obtain your willing consent to the marriage."

"You can kill me—you doubtless will, but I prefer death to a marriage with you!"

"Very well," he said after a long pause, and he rose up and went out without saying another word.

When relieved of his presence Bessie returned to her room or cell, while the Elder continued on to the waiting-room where he found the jailoress.

"She is stubborn and determined," he said as he sat down.

"She is worse than that—she is a perfect tigress!" exclaimed the woman. "I am positive that she means to resist us to the last."

"I think I shall resort to harsher measures," continued the Elder, "though perhaps not just yet; I believe I shall remove her to my farm, and shall ask some of the brethren and sisters to visit her and seek to change her heart. Then if she still resists President Young will seal us and I shall bring her home among the rest of my household."

"When will you remove her?" asked the jailoress.

"To-night or to-morrow night," he answered. "I must go out there to-day and see that everything is in order for her reception. Keep her locked in her room and do not punish her further."

He went away and the jailoress returned to her victim. She dared not inflict further corporeal punishment, but she gleefully and maliciously informed Bessie of the plan to coerce her into submission. Bessie treated her remarks with contemptuous silence, and the woman soon tired and went away.

The Elder drove home from the jail, had dinner, and then started for his farm or ranche, seven or eight miles from the city, just as the men had said when they were talking on the hotel veranda for Hez's benefit. It was a lonely road and a lonely ranche, surrounded by hills of rock, and hemmed in by stunted pines. Elder Russell did not raise produce or stock on the grounds, but maintained it as a convenient place of resort when it was prudent for him to leave the city for a few days,

and as a place or exile for those in his power who did not obey his wishes.

The Mormon was within a mile of the ranche, and had just passed a thick clump of bushes growing on the rocks, when a man leaped down into the road behind him and drew up a rifle as if to shoot.

"Not too fast!" he said, chiding himself as he lowered the weapon; "that's the Mormon thief who stole the girl or else my eyes can't see! Come ahead now and see what you can discover!"

The man was Joe the hunter.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE VERDICT OF THE JURY.

Hez exercised all his self-control when he realized that he was to be put on trial for his life. He was utterly helpless, but he would not permit hope to desert him entirely.

"I am not ready for trial," he replied to the order of the judge that the trial should go on.

"The charges have been made, witnesses and jurors wait, and the trial must go on," answered the judge.

"But I was not served with a warrant. I have no counsel, and no time has been given me for consideration and preparation," continued Hez, gaining new courage, and speaking more boldly.

"Let the charges be read and the trial go on!" said the judge, paying no attention to the Quaker's last remarks.

As Hez sat down the clerk rose up and read off a list of five separate charges. The Quaker was charged with sedition, attempted highway robbery, conspiracy, thieving, and resisting the legally appointed officers of the law while in the discharge of their duty.

"Not guilty of a single one of them," he answered to the demand of the judge.

"Let the witnesses be called," replied the judge, and the clerk rose and left the room, going by a door which Hez had not before observed. He returned with three masked men, wearing black cloaks; and while two sat down outside the circle the other entered it and took a seat. He was not sworn, and as soon as the judge asked for his testimony, he made a statement to the jury. He stated that on a certain date Hezekiah Morrow had held a conversation with him on a certain street, and had endeavored to incite him against the principles of Mormonism. He also stated that he had caught Hez in the act of stealing from a store, and, seeking to arrest him, had been roughly handled. His statement covered three of the charges, and was purely fabricated.

"Friend, I would like to ask thee a few questions," commenced the prisoner; but the judge ordered him to be silent, and the other two men made their statements. Not a word of truth was spoken or a genuine circumstance adverted to.

"Prisoner, have you any witnesses?" asked the judge, as the three men retired.

"Thou knowest I have none," answered the Quaker; "but I myself pronounce the testimony of those men false and malicious in every word and particular. They told not one—"



"The prisoner has no defence to offer," resumed the judge, interrupting him; "and the case is ready to go to the jury. You may retire and find a verdict!"

The twelve arose as one, marched out in single file, and Hez was alone with the judge and the clerk. Both sat like statues, and the room was as silent as death. The Quaker knew what the verdict would be, and the wrong being done him aroused his deep vexation instead of frightening him. He had been given no opportunity to defend himself, and as he realized that they were going through a farce in order to put him out of the way in accordance with some rule established by the Elders of the church, his feelings were not at all Quaker-like.

He did not disturb the deep silence, and after a time he heard the strange bell again. It was not striking midnight this time, but was tolling for a funeral.

"Boom—boom—boom!" it sounded, striking every four or five seconds, and but for putting forth a great effort the Quaker would have lost his courage in the solemnity of the occasion.

The moments passed slowly and the bell tolled regularly, and a quarter of an hour skipped away before the jury returned. They came in, marching by twos, and the first six bore a coffin between them—a large coffin trimmed in black with the lid screwed down. It was deposited on the floor and the jury resumed their seats. A long minute passed and then the judge rose up and said:

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have!" they answered, as one man.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

"Guilty!" they answered together, and then he turned to Hez and continued:

"Hezekiah Morrow, you have had a fair trial, and you have been pronounced guilty."

He hesitated at this point, and Hezekiah rose up and replied:

"Thou knowest my trial has been a mere farce, and—"

"And the sentence is *death*!" continued the judge, heeding not the interruption.

He folded his black cloak around him, the jury rose up, and he led them from the room, the clerk following.

The light was left behind, and its feeble flame caused shadows to dance over the coffin on the floor. Hez rose up as soon as the door closed upon the retreating fourteen, and after a look around him he dashed at one of the windows. Pulling aside the curtain his hands encountered iron bars, and he was baffled. He ran to the second and the third, but each one was similarly defended. He was shaking at the bars of the last when the door by which the jury had retreated was thrown open and two men entered. They had neither robes nor masks; being his executioners, and the last faces he was ever to see, they had no care to conceal their identity. They advanced to the coffin after locking the door behind them, and looking around for the prisoner they discovered Hez at the window, and both laughed derisively at the idea of escaping.

Both were stout burly fellows, and they had a rope, a pair of handcuffs and two stout clubs. These arti-

cles were placed on the coffin, and the men conversed for two or three minutes in low tones before saying anything to Hez.

"They have come to kill thee, Hezekiah, and what wilt thou do?" he whispered to himself, as they stood by the coffin.

He was not unnerved, although there seemed no hope of escape. As the men went on with their preparations Hez started towards them, saying to himself:

"If thou canst do that, Providence may help thee to perform something like a miracle."

He advanced to within six feet of the men, and leaning over the back of a chair which had been occupied by one of the jurors, he asked of the strangers:

"Friends, do I understand that thou hast come to carry on the sentence of the judge?"

"That's what we're here for," answered one of the men; "and now if you want to pray any prayers or sing any psalms, you'd better be at it, for it's close on to morning and we're in a hurry."

"I am obliged to thee, friends, but I should be no more ready after an hour of prayer," replied Hez, firmly grasping the chair before him.

## CHAPTER XX.

### BESSIE CHANGES QUARTERS.

THE jailoress dared not offer Bessie further violence, but during the day she lost no opportunity to taunt and threaten her.

"You are going to be taken away from here to-night," she said; "and before the week is out you will be married to the Elder or you will be a corpse. Your conduct has aroused him, and if you show further obstinacy, what you have received to-day will be nothing in comparison to the punishment he will bestow."

Bessie had reason to believe that she would be taken away, as the woman said. If she was to remain the jailoress would have congratulated herself on the fact, and make threats as to her future intentions. Where would she be taken? She could not expect Elder Russell to exhibit much further leniency, having her so completely in his power; and when the girl remembered how she was surrounded by foes she had no hope of a rescue from her friends.

There were others in the building similarly situated. During the afternoon Bessie heard cries and screams from up the hall, showing that some poor woman was in great mental distress or physical torture.

The one window in her room looked out into a yard surrounded by a high but somewhat dilapidated fence, and she could not even catch sight of a roof. The window was guarded by iron bars, and Bessie had no thought of escape until, leaning against the bars, as she pondered over her case, she felt them tremble and shake. Hope was roused in an instant, even though she had not placed her hands on the bars. She trembled with excitement as she discovered that two of the bars were shaky in their sockets. The sandstone sills into which the lower ends of the perpendicular bars had been placed had cracked, and no great effort would be required to loosen them. Having convinced herself of this fact, Bessie sat down in a tremble.

If the Elder did not come before dark she would escape. This much she determined without a moment's hesitation. If she could leave the building she would leave the city also, preferring to wander among the hills than fill the position which Elder Russell had intended for her.

It was about four o'clock when the girl made the discovery at the window, and the time until sundown seemed like a week. She expected every moment to hear that the Elder had come for her, and almost every moment she expressed a hope that he might delay until she had escaped. Just after sundown the jailoress brought in a cup of water and a slice of bread, and as she placed them on the table, she said:

"He will be here in the course of two hours, and you want to be all ready to go."

She stood waiting a moment for a reply, and as she found her words unnoticed and unheeded, she sprang at Bessie with upraised hand, shouting:

"O, I only hope he will change his mind and leave you here, you jade! I'd bring you out of your sulks if I had one more chance!"

"Don't you dare to so much as lay your finger on me!" replied Bessie, in a low firm voice, standing boldly up.

She had her old strength and heart, and the jailoress backed away after a moment and left the room. Darkness shut down in another quarter of an hour, and Bessie determined to delay no longer. She could not see one-third of the way across the yard, and neither moon nor stars were shining. There were no preparations to make except to listen at the door for a moment, and then the girl grasped the bars. Wrenching and swinging on them she had them out in two or three minutes, and then leaped to the ground and started across the yard to a spot which she had marked during the day as sadly out of repair. Reaching it, she had but little trouble in passing through, and then she found herself upon a narrow unlighted street.

It was luck and chance which way the girl went, as she could not tell east from west, and she turned to the left, walked two blocks, turned to the left and walked another block, and she came upon people going to the tabernacle for evening prayer. Her crumpled toilet would have attracted notice by daylight, but the darkness concealed it and no one gave her particular attention. Finding after a time that she was getting into the business portion of the city, the girl changed her course and walked rapidly until among the residences.

Bessie had walked a full mile from the prison, and was rapidly leaving the city, when she heard shouts behind her. They were distant, but she felt certain that her escape had been discovered and pursuers sent out, and, as she heard the shouts come nearer, she turned out of the street and entered the front yard of a residence. She was excited and anxious, thinking only of escape, and she had scarcely closed the gate when a man confronted her, and asked in a gruff tone:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am—I—I—" stammered Bessie, unable to reply from fright and astonishment.

"Here! hold on!" exclaimed the man, grasping her

arm as she sought to regain the street; "I am going to know who you are, and what you came into my yard for!"

The footsteps of the two men pursuing the girl could now be heard, and Bessie replied:

"O sir, please let me go; I made a mistake!"

Her refusal to answer the man's inquiries convinced him that something was wrong, and as the pursuers came running up he called to them. They at once claimed the girl as an escaped prisoner, and she was turned over to them.

"Come along now, and don't make any fuss about it!" said one of the men, as he seized her wrist; and to his surprise the girl started off without words or resistance.

Not a word was exchanged between prisoner and captors during the walk back to the prison, and as they were admitted Bessie saw Elder Russell in the waiting-room. She was left to take a seat, and when the captors had been congratulated and retired, the Elder said:

"My dear wife, you are to be congratulated on your safe return. I was very much afraid that you would fall into evil hands."

She had nothing to reply, and to the great astonishment of the jailoress, who hoped to witness a scene, Bessie did not shed a tear.

"I have come to remove you to other quarters," continued the Elder.

"I am ready," she answered, rising up; and she followed him to the door where a vehicle was in waiting. The jailoress and one of her attendants kept close behind, suspecting that Bessie was planning another escape; and when they saw her seated in the vehicle, the woman whispered to the Elder:

"Beware of her! I believe she is plotting to murder you!"

"I shall watch her closely," replied the Mormon; and he picked up the lines and drove off.

The horse was kept at a trot whenever the road was not too rough, and after a ride of an hour and a half through the city and along a dark mountain road, the vehicle stopped at a rambling one-story farmhouse, and the Elder said:

"This is where we are to halt."

Bessie followed him into the house, and sat down in a small room off the hall, and in a moment two men and a woman entered and respectfully saluted the Elder.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### JOE MAKES SEVERAL DISCOVERIES.

THE hunter was moving cautiously and quietly in the matter of inquiry concerning Elder Russell and his victim, when he suddenly found Hez missing. He called at the hotel to report progress, and learned that the Quaker had not been seen for a day and a half.

"I saw Mormon spies about, and I wanted to warn him," said the landlord; "but he was so quiet and seemed to know his business so well that I said nothing. I'm sure he didn't leave Salt Lake by any of the trains, and it looks to me as if they'd tripped him up."



Joe dared not trust the landlord, though he had the reputation of being a leading Gentile, and without seeming to be greatly interested in the Quaker's fate, the hunter left the hotel. He spent half a day in seeking out and making inquiries of known Gentiles, but none of them could give him information in regard to Hez; and he was forced to the conclusion that the Quaker had been made the victim of the spies, though it was just possible that he had discovered some clue and was following it up.

The hunter had been unable to learn a word concerning Bessie Baine, but he had ascertained through conversation with Saints, that Elder Russell had a ranche several miles from the city. It seemed to him that the villain would most likely imprison the girl there, and Joe made preparations to visit the place and post himself. Purchasing some provisions and a few traps, and giving himself the appearance of a hunter leaving the city for a hunt among the mountains, he took the overland trail and started south.

The hunter had no intention of going beyond the Mormon ranche, and he was within a mile of it, and was concealing his surplus equipments in a thicket, when he heard the sound of carriage wheels, and looked out to see the man he had sought for a week. In his first excitement he leaped down and raised his rifle to shoot, but recovering himself he climbed up the rock and pushed his way southward along the crest of the hill, being well concealed by the thick growth of small timber.

After an hour of cautious travel, the hunter discovered the ranche. The house stood in a bit of valley between two hills, off the road, and Joe ensconced himself in a dry ravine fringed with bushes, and watched the house from the edge of the clearing. At various intervals during his watch of three hours, he caught sight of men moving about, and when he got ready to leave a woman appeared at the door.

"The gal ar' here—sure's bullets?" exclaimed the hunter, as the Mormon rode away; and he felt sanguine of being able to rescue her. The men were likely to have weapons and to be possessed of courage to defend their prisoner. Joe could not move before dark, and then must trust to stealth and strategy rather than force of arms. He therefore retreated back to the hills and sought a hiding-place where he would be undisturbed until night.

During the long afternoon the little valley was very quiet, which was a further proof to the hunter that the ranche was maintained as a sort of prison for Elder Russell's victims, and perhaps for those of other Mormon leaders. There was no live stock around the place, and no sounds to show that any of the men were at work.

As day drew to a close Joe moved back to the ravine, whence he could secure a clear view of the house; and as darkness came on he crept still nearer, and finally rested in a hollow almost in front of the house and within two or three hundred feet of the door. There was scarcely any stir around the place until the arrival of the Mormon and his prisoner. Joe looked upon the female as a second arrival, being certain that Bessie was already in the house. Although

she made no resistance to descending from the vehicle and entering the house, there was something in her actions which told him that she came unwillingly.

The Elder remained in the house about an hour, and when he came out to depart, he stood on the steps for several minutes and conversed with one of the men, seeming to be giving him instructions in regard to the care of the female he had brought out with him. Once the hunter rose up, determined to go down the road and attack the Saint as he started back, but the fear that some alarm might be raised, caused him to abandon the idea.

Russell finally stepped into his buggy and drove away. Lights could be seen moving around the house for the next quarter of an hour, and then everything was as quiet as before the Mormon came. About eleven o'clock the watchful hunter heard a soft footstep, and next moment a man who had come from the house passed close to him, going down to the Overland Trail, a quarter of a mile away.

"The wolf might have stepped on me an' raised a muss," whispered Joe, as he shifted his position further to the left, and found another hollow. He expected every moment to hear the man returning, but as the moments dragged away, and half an hour passed without his hearing further from the ranchman, the hunter decided that the fellow had been placed on guard at some point down the road, and that he would probably remain away until near morning.

"As Hezekiah would say, 'Thou hadst better take a squint around,'" whispered Joe, as he judged that it was midnight.

The house had long been still, and it had been an hour since the sentinel had passed him. Slinging his rifle over his back, and feeling to see that his knife and revolver were safe, the hunter crept to the house and around it. There was but one story, and he knew that both prisoners and jailors must have quarters on the ground floor. He hoped that he might be able to judge the rooms of the prisoners by the windows, but he found nearly every window defended by heavy wooden slats nailed across the casings, and after creeping twice around the building he was no wiser than before. Not a sound from within had reached his ears, and as he stood and surveyed the long building, he felt irritated and annoyed to think that he had made no further discoveries. After a moment's hesitation he selected one of the guarded windows, stepped softly up and tapped on the bars and retreated back. It was not over half a minute before a gruff voice asked:

"Who's there?"

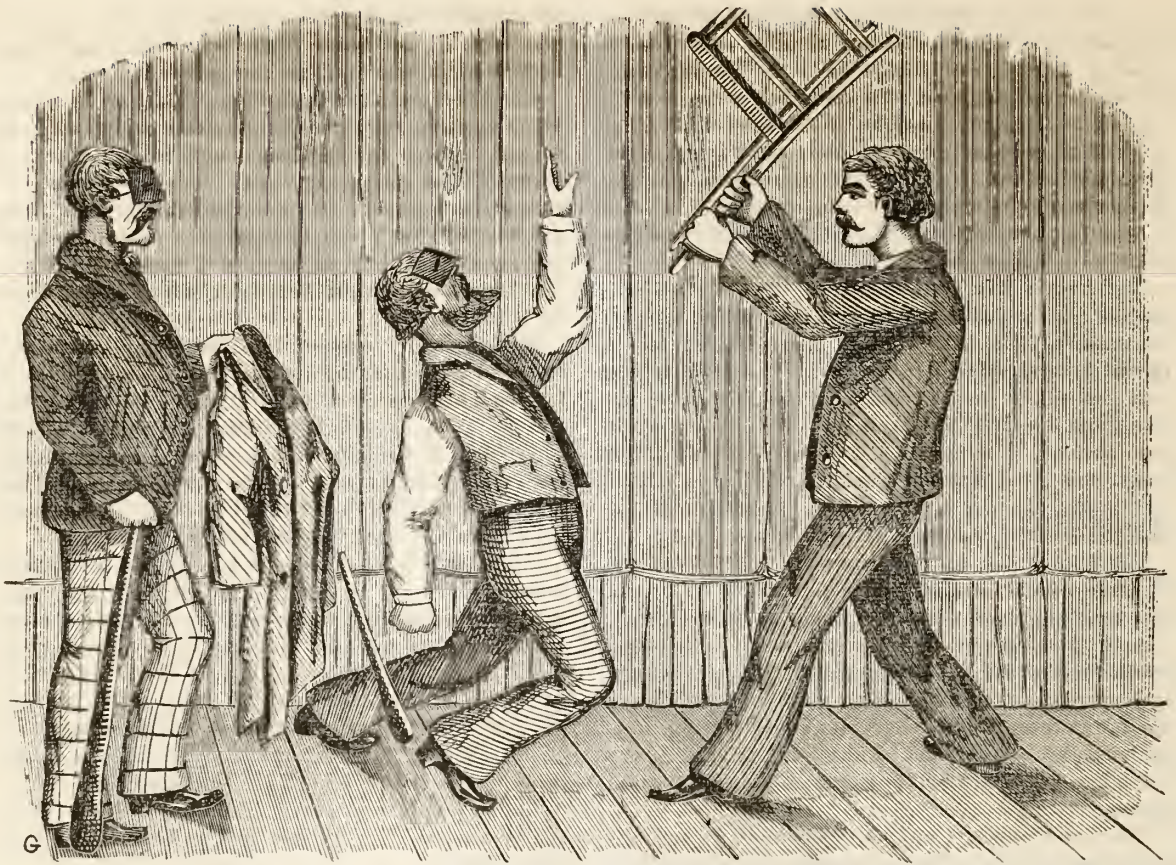
Joe made no answer, and after a moment he saw a light in the room and heard the man moving about.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE MORMONS ROUSE A HERO.

HEZ was astonished at his own coolness. The awe inspired by the tolling of the mysterious funeral bell had departed from his breast, and the mystery surrounding his midnight trial was suddenly replaced by a





HEZ MORROW'S CONTEST WITH THE EXECUTIONERS.

feeling of desperation. The injustice of his arrest and the summary sentence aroused an honest indignation, which was increased as he saw how coolly his executioners were preparing to take his life.

"He'll die game!" said one of the men as he threw off his coat.

"Which will make it all the more lively for us!" replied the other, also throwing off his coat and pushing up his sleeves.

The first one picked up his club, spat on his hand, and turning to Hez asked:

"Then you don't care to pray, eh? Well, we'll chalk it down to your credit, as we're in a hurry and want to get through!"

"Come, now!" said the other, as he picked up his club. "Friends, thou hadst better keep back!" warned Hez, as he raised the chair over his head.

It seemed as if the villains depended on the time, place and circumstances to render the victim helpless. He had been deprived of every weapon when first imprisoned, and the fact was of course known to his executioners, though if they had anticipated resistance they would scarcely have left the stout chairs handy to his grasp.

As he raised the chair they moved apart, so as to distract his attention, but he retreated slowly back toward the wall, ready to strike if they dashed at him. As he reached the wall and could go no further the larger of the two men laughed exultingly and said:

"Stand back, Aaron, and leave him to me! We'll

have more fun to-night than we've had for a year!"

"All right!" responded the other, and he went back about fifteen feet and sat down on a chair to witness the combat.

"Now look out!" shouted the first, leaping toward Hez and making a feint as if to strike.

His movement was intended to bring a blow from the chair, but it did not fall. The Quaker's big blue eyes were watching every motion, and he did not lose his caution. The villain began leaping around and jumping forward and back, flourishing his club wildly, but Hez only followed him with his eyes. The man continued his motions for a minute or two, and then suddenly leaped forward and delivered a crushing blow at the prisoner's head. Down came the chair upon the villain's own head, felling him to the floor, and covering his face with blood that oozed from a wound in the scalp.

Both rascals uttered a shout of rage as Hez leaped away and raised the chair again, but as the younger rose up to assist, the other shouted hoarsely:

"Keep back and leave him to me! I'll make quick work of him now!"

He approached Hez again to begin the old manoeuvres, but from standing entirely on the defensive the prisoner suddenly changed his tactics to offensive and brought his chair down so quickly that the blow could not be avoided. The man reeled against the altar and his club fell to the floor. Hez had possessed it in an instant, and with a yell he dashed at the second executioner.



It had all occurred so swiftly that the second man could make no defence against the Quaker. He started to run, but was struck with the club and knocked senseless, and in his mad excitement Hez would have beaten the fellow's brains out had not the other one attracted his attention by attempting to reach the door by which all had entered. He had been badly hurt by the blows, and had no weapon to renew the attack. He had nearly gained the door when the club came down upon his head, and as he fell the blow was repeated.

"Thou hast done well, Hezekiah!" said the Quaker, as he looked from one prostrate form to the other; and he ran for the rope lying on the coffin.

Trembling with excitement and exultation, he securely bound the first, and then dragged him across the room to the other and lashed the two until the last foot of rope was exhausted. As he was finishing his work the first one revived, and before giving other notice of the fact he raised a yell which echoed around the room like the report of a rifle.

"Thou must stop that, my friend!" exclaimed Hez, putting the broad sole of his shoe down on the man's mouth in no light manner.

The fellow maintained silence, having ascertained that he was securely lashed to his companion, and Hez picked up one of the coats, tore out two strips and twisted them up, and approaching the men, both of whom had entirely revived and were conversing in muttering tones, he said:

"I desire to gag thee, and it will be better if thou offerest no resistance!"

"Untie the ropes!" shouted the larger ruffian, struggling violently. "If you don't untie us at once you'll be burned alive!"

"Softly, friend!" replied Hez, dexterously slipping the strip of cloth over the fellow's head and drawing it over his mouth.

The other began to plead and promise, swearing the most solemn oath that Hez should be allowed to go free if he would release them, but he went on with his work of adjusting the gags and stopped not until he had finished. The larger man was furious with passion, rolling and struggling, but he could not move his lashings.

It was not more than an hour to daylight, and the Quaker felt that he must leave the building as soon as possible. His coat was sprinkled with blood and badly torn, and he had no hesitation in donning the one thrown across the coffin, and in making an exchange of hats. Making an examination of the lashings to see that they could not be broken, and drawing one of the gags more tightly, Hez pulled the doorkey from a pocket of one of the men and hurried out; locking the door behind him and bearing the lamp which had lighted the room. As he descended the steps into the hall he remembered that he had come from the right and he turned to the left. Ten paces down the hall he made a turn to the left, descended a short flight of stoue steps and found an open door and an empty room. There was a single window, unguarded bars or slats, and the prisoner was not two minutes passing out.

As Hez looked around him he found that he was upon a common, and he started off at a brisk pace.

After a walk of a quarter of a mile he came upon a street, and without knowing or caring whither it led he increased his pace.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### UNEXPECTED SYMPATHY.

THE people at the ranche took Bessie's arrival as a matter of course. The woman exhibited a little curiosity at first, but the men, mere tools of the Mormon leader, scarcely glanced at her as she sat before them.

The Elder gave them whispered instructions as to their treatment of the girl, and went himself to see that the room assigned her was well-guarded. He had scarce a word of address for her until upon the point of departure, when he said:

"Your obstinate conduct has hardened my heart against you, and I have instructed these people to punish you as severely as they wish should you refuse obedience, or attempt to escape."

He waited for her reply, but she seemed not to have heard him, and he continued:

"In a day or two you will be lawfully married to me. If you desire to make any preparations the woman will assist you."

He waited again, and his face hardened as he saw how contemptuously his words were received.

"Speak!" he exclaimed, stepping forward and placing his hand on her shoulder, impatient and angered.

She turned slowly, and looking into his villanous countenance she replied:

"I *will* speak! You have stolen me from my friends and brought me here to force me into a marriage with you, but I will never be your wife! I told you so days ago, and you shall see me a corpse before you see me your bride!"

"Be careful—don't push me too far!" he whispered, glaring upon her like some wild beast.

"I defy you!" she almost shouted, striking at the face thrust almost into hers. "Tell these people to murder me, or strike me down yourself, for I care not how soon I die!"

He raised his hand as if he would strike her, but she looked into his eyes without flinching, and after a moment he let his hand fall and turned to leave the room, saying:

"No power on earth can prevent you from becoming my wife!"

As he went out the woman entered the room and ordered Bessie to follow her. The girl obeyed, and was conducted to a plain but neat room. The window was defended by heavy wooden bars, and the door was provided with outside bolts, so that the room was as secure as a prison cell. Not another word passed between them, and when the woman went out she carried the light with her.

Bessie's heart grew tender and fearful as soon as she found herself alone again, and lying down upon the hard bed she gave way to her feelings. By-and-by the house grew quiet, but it was long after midnight before sleep came to the exhausted girl. She dreamed that she had escaped from the house and was fleeing along a

rocky path, pursued by several men, when Hez suddenly appeared before her and caught her in his strong arms.

"O Hez! I didn't mean that I was going to marry any one else!" she cried out, and her voice awoke her from the troubled sleep and she found that daylight was dawning.

She had repented almost every hour since leaving home of the coquetry which had driven honest Hez away, and the dream was a comfort to her feelings; though it was only a dream, and she had no hope, however faint, of ever seeing lover or friends again. There had been some hope that her prison in the city would be visited by those who must have come in search; but the Elder had cut off all chance by removing her to the hills.

About seven o'clock the woman brought in tea, bread, meat and vegetables, and as she placed them on the table she asked:

"Why didn't he bring your clothes along?"

"Because he seized me while out for a walk," replied Bessie.

"Don't you live somewhere around here?" continued the woman, after a moment of silence.

"No; he stole me at Deep Valley, Nebraska, hundreds of miles away," answered Bessie.

"And you are going to marry him?" inquired the woman.

"Never!" exclaimed the girl. "I will kill myself before I will be his wife!"

The woman's face betrayed surprise, and she said:

"I thought it was all right, only you were a little obstinate.

"Wont you be my friend and help me to escape?" whispered Bessie, grasping the woman's hand and trembling with excitement created by sudden hope.

"Do any of your friends know of it?" inquired the woman, lowering her voice and glancing towards the door.

"I think they do, and I think that they may be in the city, but they can never find me here!" sobbed the girl.

"Sh! don't get excited," cautioned the woman. "The men are eating breakfast, and they'd kill me if they knew I'd said a word; I am Elder Russell's first wife; we were married fifteen years ago. He promised never to take another wife, but he has three others, and as I couldn't agree with 'em he sent me out here to live among the wolves!"

"And do you love him?" asked Bessie, ceasing her sobs to catch the woman's whispers.

"Love him!" repeated the woman—"ask me if I love a rattlesnake. He was a kind husband for a year, but since then he has made a dog of me, and once he tried to murder me. I can show you scars where he has whipped and pounded me until I was as good as dead. I am placed here to keep the house in order, and those men are his assassins. They do whatever he asks, and I could tell you of things which would make your blood run cold!"

"Why don't you escape from here?" asked Bessie, clasping the woman's hand more tightly.

"I've thought of it a good many times," she an-

swered, "but I haven't the courage. I'd starve among the hills, be eaten by the bears, or his men would bring me back and roast me at the stake. If I can help you I will, but if Elder Russell is determined to marry you I'm afraid you'll have to submit. I can't stay another minute, but I'll speak with you again before night. If I can't help you away I'll bring you a dose of poison, for you might better be dead than married to him."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A REUNION.

JOE the hunter had risked the chances and lost. As the gruff voice of a man reached his ears from the window he moved back into the darkness, and as he heard a stir in the house he retreated to his old position growling and muttering over the ill luck which would lose him valuable time.

He had scarcely snuggled himself down when both men appeared at the door, rifles in hand, and they passed around the house in opposite directions, seeming to feel certain that some stranger was prowling around. When they had made the round, they halted in front of the house, and Joe could hear them whispering in consultation. In a short time one of them passed down toward the Overland Trail, and he was absent half an hour, probably conversing with the third man, on duty as sentinel. At length, having failed to discover anything suspicious, the men entered the house.

It was now one o'clock or after, and the hunter had but little hope of being able to make any further discoveries before the light of day would drive him to the hills for shelter. The light was extinguished in a little time, and nothing further could be heard of the men; but it was an hour and more before Joe moved from his hollow. It was likely that the men had made noise enough to disturb the girl, and it might be that she was hoping for a rescue and would be on the alert.

"Seems as if I couldn't leave without just telling her to keep a chuck little heart," soliloquized the big-hearted man, and he determined to look in at each window and brave all risks.

Avoiding the one where his carelessness had betrayed him, he leaned his face against the bars and endeavored to survey the interior of the room. Midnight darkness prevailed, and he was unable to determine even that the room was occupied. Passing to the next he had no better luck, and while at the third he stepped on something which cracked under his tread with a sharp report. Next instant there was a stir in the house, and Joe skulked away toward the ravine, cursing his carelessness and ill luck. Looking back from a safe distance he saw lights at the windows, and he shook his fist at the house and growled:

"I'll have the gal out'en there afore another mornin', or I'll lose my life!"

He waited in the ravine until day began to break, and then crept further away and secreted himself among a mass of rocks, taking care after leaving the ravine to obliterate his trail as much as possible. He had provisions for several meals, and making his break-



fast about sunrise, the hunter stretched out for a nap and was soon fast asleep.

Soon after sunrise the three men at the house were astir moving around the grounds and the building, but if they discovered anything suspicious they did not betray it then. It was ten o'clock before any one reappeared, and then one of the men left the house with a gun on his shoulder and disappeared in the direction of the Overland Trail. Half an hour later he climbed up the bank of the dry ravine within thirty feet of where the hunter was sleeping, and leaning on his gun he bent his head toward the hills and listened. There was no sound but the wind sighing through the trees and lifting the vines, and after two or three minutes he passed on.

Something disturbed the sleep of the hunter, and he opened his eyes and sat up. There was no stir in the woods around him, and he could hear no sounds from the house; but after a look at the sun and a vain effort to woo sleep again he rose up, shouldered his rifle and crept along almost on the trail of the man from the ranche. He had turned to the right, thinking to secure a place from which he could view anything passing along the Overland Trail, when he caught sight of a person in the forest before him and heard the sound of voices.

Dropping down on hands and knees, Joe crept along until, coming to the edge of a little glade, he saw a man lying on his face on the ground and another lashing his hands behind his back.

"These cutthroats wouldn't be binding each other that way, and the fellow on the ground must be an honest man," reasoned Joe.

Seeing that the man was in ranchman's costume, and having reason to believe that he was one of Bessie's guardians, Joe crept softly forward. The man was fully occupied with his work, and he had no sign of warning before the barrel of the hunter's rifle crashed against his skull. As he fell to one side the man on the ground rolled over and sat up and surveyed Joe.

"Friend, there is no need to say that I am deeply grateful to thee!" exclaimed a familiar voice, and the hunter leaped clear from the ground as he shouted:

"It's that 'ere Quaker!"

"And thou art Joseph the hunter, as I perceive," replied Hez, "though I did not know thee at first!"

The coat and hat which Hez had borrowed had disguised him, and having not the faintest idea of meeting the hunter the Quaker did not recognize him at first. He was soon freed from the cords which the Mormon had just finished tying, and as he rose up he said:

"Joseph, I desire to return thanks to Heaven for my miraculous escape, and thou wilt please excuse me a moment while I kneel in prayer!"

He knelt beside a tree and uttered a brief but heartfelt prayer, and when he had concluded he said:

"Now I shall give thee a full explanation of the affair."

They sat down on a log near the senseless form of the ranchman, and Hez told the hunter the story of his being led into the trap. After his miraculous escape from prison he walked until he had left the city behind, caring not so much which way he went as

to secure a hiding-place for a time, or until he could plan to meet the hunter. Fortune had guided him among the hills which concealed the hunter, and he was skulking about when he encountered the ranchman. Taken by surprise, the Quaker could not give a good account of himself, and being without weapons he was forced to obey the Mormon's orders.

"Thou camest in good time, my friend," continued Hez, "for I do believe the villain was planning my death."

The fellow had not moved since being struck down, and when Joe made a closer examination he found that life had departed with the blow. The hunter took everything of value from the body and turning them over to the Quaker said:

"Come along—the gal isn't a mile from here!"

Hez made a jump as the words reached his ears, and growing very pale he replied:

"Joseph, thou wouldst not tell me a lie, I hope!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### MORE SYMPATHY.

SHORT as the interview was, Bessie was almost her old self as soon as the woman disappeared. She had found some one to say a sympathetic word, and there was reason to believe that Mrs. Russell would aid her if she could.

It was ten o'clock before the woman returned for the breakfast dishes, and upon entering she gave Bessie a look of warning, and went out without saying a word. Half an hour afterwards she returned in company with one of the men, who seemed to be the responsible head of the house. He was a surly-looking villain, with a voice like the growl of a bear.

Mrs. Russell caught the girl's eye, and cautioned her not to arouse the man's ire.

"See here, miss," he growled, "what about getting ready for the marriage?"

Bessie looked inquiringly and appealingly at the woman, and Mrs. Russell responded by saying:

"She has no other clothes, and I don't see how she's going to make any great preparation."

The man scowled and looked annoyed, and finally said:

"Well, I don't know about the clothes, and I'm blowed if I care, but she wants to understand that she must be ready when the Elder comes."

There was rebellion in Bessie's eye as she glanced up, and Mrs. Russell hastened to say:

"O, she knows that. I've been talking with her this morning, and I think she's sorry for her obstinate conduct."

"Well, see that you keep her straight," growled the man, backing out.

When the two were alone Mrs. Russell informed the girl that the men had been alarmed during the night by some one moving around the house, and having their suspicions aroused they would be more vigilant than before.

"But I will aid you for all that," she continued. "If some of your friends would only come for you I would go along with you, and get away from here."

The woman was jealous and angered that she should have been put aside for another, and she had lost any love or respect which she might once have entertained for her husband. She had, as she had informed Bessie, many times thought of escape, but fear detained her. She had almost determined to run away with Bessie, and trust that they might meet with those who would protect and further aid them. She could not hope that Elder Russell would ever take her back and treat her as a wife should be treated, and to stay there and be his slave, and see the number of his wives increasing, was more than her sensitive jealous nature could endure.

Bessie, of course, sought to encourage the woman's determination, and it was finally agreed that they should make their escape together. The girl was cautioned over and over again not to betray herself, as the men would not hesitate at murder to prevent an escape.

"Elder Russell is to be here at eight o'clock this evening with some church member to perform the marriage ceremony; but you must not lose hope even if they arrive before we are ready to go," added the woman; and then she left the room so that the men might not have their suspicions aroused. One of them took up his rifle and started out, a second went to his room to sleep, and the third who had charge of the place, lounged round the house and premises.

Mrs. Russell was a woman of great resolution, and when she had fully made up her mind to escape she began to plan. Watching her opportunity, she made up a package of provisions and secreted them, and then rolled up a few articles of clothing and several little things which she thought might be needed in their wanderings. She carried Bessie a woollen dress and a stout pair of shoes, which were to be hidden until evening, and by noon all the preparations were made.

Moss, the man who had accompanied her to Bessie's room, began to be anxious about noon for the return of the man who had gone to the hills in the morning. He saw something suspicious in the detention, and he finally awoke his companion and sent him off in search. The fellow returned in about an hour, reporting that he had found no trace of his missing companion, nor signs of the presence of any strangers in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Russell heard them talking in low tones about the alarm which had been raised the night before.

Their suspicions made her the more cautious, and during the long afternoon she dared not visit Bessie's room. Moss finally concluded that the missing man had gone to the city or had left his place without caring to give warning, and he was rendered ill-natured towards the others. He snapped at the woman savagely once or twice, and when she retorted he struck her across the mouth with his open hand.

"John Moss, I'll murder you for that!" she said, as the blood oozed from her mouth.

He seized her and would have locked her up in one of the rooms, but for the interference of the other man.

"Well, then, you walk mighty correct!" growled Moss; "and you go and see if that girl is getting ready for the ceremony. If anything happens to disappoint

the Elder, he'll have you laid on the shelf for the buzzards!"

Mrs. Russell went to Bessie's room, and to the girl's eager inquiries as to what had happened, she whispered:

"I would go with you now if I knew that death would overtake me in five minutes!"

She did not intend to leave the house until the arrival of the Elder and his friends. Their absence would shortly be discovered, but the darkness would favor their escape.

Bessie placed implicit faith in the woman's word, and only asked that in case Mrs. Russell was delayed from going, she would allow the prisoner to depart alone.

When the sun went down and darkness came, both women were excited but brave-hearted. Mrs. Russell had every preparation made, and only awaited the arrival of the Elder. She had unlocked one of the outer doors down the hall beyond Bessie's room and returned the key to its place on the hook in the kitchen; and her bundles were where she could reach them any moment.

Two hours after dark a carriage drove up and Elder Russell and a brother villain entered the house. Mrs. Russell was at hand to receive them, and to the Elder's inquiries she answered that the girl had experienced a change of heart and would offer no objections to the marriage ceremony.

"Verily, I am much pleased at the information," he replied; "call in the people and then conduct her here."

Mrs. Russell called the two men, and when she had seen them seated she hurried down the hall to Bessie's room, unlocked the door, and whispered:

"Come, we are going now!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### BOLD MEASURES.

JOE the hunter briefly explained what he had seen and what he suspected, and when they pondered on the statement of the spies who had plotted to destroy the Quaker, they were certain that Bessie was a prisoner in the ranche.

The spies, in the conversation on the veranda, had said that Elder Russell was holding the girl prisoner at his country ranche. The statement was false, and they knew it, but circumstances had at length sent the girl there, and those following the trail were correct in their surmises.

The body of the ranchman was drawn into a thicket and covered over with brush, and the men secreted themselves along the Overland Trail to watch any one who might visit the ranche. It was the intention, should Elder Russell make his appearance, to attack the ranche and risk the chances of success; but as the day wore away and he did not appear it was planned to wait no longer than the arrival of evening to make a movement towards rescue.

The hunter slept again during the afternoon, while the eager and excited Quaker maintained watch, and wore the hours away. As dark began to gather he



roused the hunter, and their plans were again canvassed.

"It'll be a purty little fight, I take it," remarked Joe, as he noted the young man's impatience; "and if ye don't feel that ye kin throw yerself like a tornado, ye'd better keep out."

"Friend, thou needst have no anxiety for me," quickly replied Hez. "I am ready to follow thee, and I judge that it is time to go."

The hunter chuckled as he rose up and started off, and as the Quaker's heavy tramp followed close behind, he growled:

"There's nothing like a pooty gal to set a man on edge."

As the two reached the dry ravine in which Joe had concealed himself the day before, they saw lights dancing around the house, as if there was excitement among the inmates. He counselled delay in hopes to ascertain the number of foes they might encounter; and while waiting they were made aware of the arrival of Elder Russell and his companion.

"I tell ye it's going to be a purty little scrimmage!" whispered Joe, patting Hez on the back. "Wait a bit longer, and let 'em git settled down like b'ars in a bed!"

Soon after Elder Russell and his companion entered the house the men crept nearer, and as the house grew still they skulked forward until they were almost at the steps. The horse had been taken from the vehicle and hitched several rods from the house, and after a moment's reflection the hunter bid Hez remain where he was, and then crept forward to the house, knife in hand. It was a fine animal, and the hunter hesitated a moment before driving his knife home. The horse uttered a low groan, shivered and lurches, and then fell forward on the ground.

"I hated to do it," whispered the hunter, as he rejoined Hez; "but it'll take 'em longer to walk back than to ride, and ye can't say what'll happen!"

There was no movement on the part of the inmates of the house for the next five minutes, and then the two men heard a shout and a tramping of feet.

"Now's our time!" exclaimed the hunter as he rose up, and he led the way as they dashed for the door. Springing against it, it flew from its hinges and they leaped into the room occupied by Elder Russell and his friend. The absence of the woman who had been sent to bring Bessie into the front room, was so prolonged that Moss was sent after her. He discovered that both had left the house, and it was his shout of alarm which reached the ears of the men outside.

"Wake 'em up!" yelled Joe, as they saw the Mormons before them. He swung his rifle around his head and knocked Elder Russell into a corner, dashing the light out at the same time.

The second Mormon grappled with Hez, and as the two rolled on the floor Joe ran down the hall and made for Moss and his companion, who were searching the rooms over again.

"Friend, I fear I shall hurt thee," exclaimed Hez, as he exerted his strength to overpower his antagonist. His blood was up, and getting a grasp on the Mormon's throat the Quaker held him until he was powerless to move.

As soon as the hunter appeared in sight the two ranchmen extinguished their light, and a battle took place in the dark. Clubbing his rifle, Joe laid about him, forcing the rascals down the hall, and hearing the Quaker coming to reinforce him, Moss and his companion escaped from the building.

"Keep 'em going!" yelled Joe, following closely; and he ran the panic-stricken villains clear off the premises before halting.

Meanwhile Hez had returned to the front room, and striking a light he found Elder Russell seeking to escape, and the other man just reviving.

"I desire to ask thee a few questions first!" exclaimed the Quaker, pulling the Elder back and flinging him into a corner.

The victors exulted in the idea that they had conquered their foes and released the prisoners for whom they had so long searched; but when Joe made a tour of the house they were amazed to find it untenanted by females. The hunter had seen an old woman at the door the day previous, and had seen another female brought there, and in searching the rooms he found female wearing apparel. It was certain that women had been there, but what had become of them?

"See here, you old alligator," he said to Elder Russell, as he returned to the front room; "tell us where the gal is, or your life won't be worth a bullet."

"I don't know," replied the Mormon, as he sat up against the wall and felt of his broken head.

"You brought her here and I saw you," continued Joe, approaching him with rifle uplifted as if to strike. "Out with it now, or I'll leave you a corpse!"

Elder Russell was thoroughly frightened, and he replied by stating that the two women had escaped from the house. Joe had encountered evidence in his search to show that such was the case, and the Mormon spoke like one telling the whole truth.

"Ye see, the females were too sharp for 'em, and have got off together, as he says," whispered Joe to the Quaker. "They've took to the hills, and the sooner we foller the better."

Hez was dumfounded for a moment, but there was hope that the women had actually escaped, and he was ready to meet the new emergency.

"I axes yer parding, gents," said Joe, looking around, "but I don't see any ropes to tie ye with, and if we leave ye it won't be five minutes afore ye'll give the alarm. I know ye'll forgive me if I knocks ye on the head so as to keep ye quiet for about half an hour!"

The men begged for mercy, but the hunter would have carried out his idea if the Quaker had not protested. The Mormons were pushed into separate rooms, the doors locked, and then the two men made preparations to leave.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AMONG THE HILLS.

"This way—let us run!" whispered Mrs. Russell to Bessie, as they softly closed the door behind them.

Both knew that their escape would be discovered within five or ten minutes, and both ran at their best

speed to get as far away as possible before pursuit should be entered upon.

The woman had a general knowledge of the country, and she had started south from the ranche instead of north, which would have led them towards the city. They could hope for no aid from any Mormon, and although she realized that they might wander among the hills until starvation overtook them, she preferred that fate to remaining longer at the ranche.

Stumbling, falling and running, they were nearly half a mile from the building when Joe and Hez made their attack and commenced the battle.

"They are coming!" whispered Bessie, hurrying faster than before; and brush nor boulders could check the fugitives until they were out of breath and somewhat reassured in spirits by having heard no further sounds of pursuit.

The night was not a dark one, and the women could see to choose their way, though there was but little choice to make until they had crossed the first hills, when they entered a sort of valley and made good progress. Flesh and clothing had been torn by the brush and thorns, but they thought only of getting forward. When the end of the valley was reached they were four miles from the ranche, and they had heard nothing from the Mormons except the first alarm. The hills before them were covered with thick undergrowth, through which one could scarcely move by daylight, and it was decided to wait the night out where they were.

Bessie had grown frightened at the darkness and their lonely surroundings; but no man could have been more resolved and determined than Mrs. Russell. She knew that they were a full two miles to the right of the Trail, far from any ranche, and she set to work and gathered fuel to kindle a fire, having had the foresight to provide herself with matches. When the cheerful blaze had more clearly shown them their surroundings, the woman moved the fire so that they might have a huge boulder at their backs, and they sat down to pass the night.

"I shall watch and you may sleep," said Mrs. Russell; but the lonesome howl of a wandering wolf came to their ears, and they crowded nearer each other and the fire.

The wolf was finally drawn to them by the glare of the fire, and he trotted up and down before the blaze, and clashed his hungry jaws together until the intrepid Mrs. Russell seized a firebrand and drove him to the hills. They heard strange cries and strange sounds, and all through the long hours both were watchful and vigilant. When morning came all fear except of pursuit vanished, and both were hopeful that the day might bring forth good. Not an ounce of the heavy roll of provisions had been lost in the fright of the evening, and they were enabled to partake of a hearty breakfast. The fire was scattered, and extinguished, and it was not yet sunrise when they began climbing the hillside.

It was thicket, and vine, and rock for hours, with only a moment's change as they crossed some valley to climb another hill beyond. Great night birds were frightened from their roosts as the women penetrated dark thickets, and the vengeful rattlesnake sounded his warning, as they drove him from his sunny ledge.

Exhausted, they paused now and then, but pushed on as bravely as before, as soon as strength was recovered.

When noon came Mrs. Russell hoped that they were beyond the reach of those who would undoubtedly pursue. An Indian could not have kept the trail of their devious wanderings, which had only just commenced. The woman knew that they were going further and further from civilization, and that she was lost, but she would not deviate from her course or her purpose. If recaptured they would spare Bessie, but she could hope for no mercy at the hands of the hired assassins of her enraged husband.

Soon after dinner the crest of the ridge which they were travelling grew clear of boulders and trees for a considerable distance, and they had a view of two valleys, right and left, and either one a mile away. Suddenly pausing in her walk the woman caught Bessie's arm and, pointing down into the valley to the right, whispered:

"They are coming!"

The men could be distinctly seen skulking along the base of a hill, as if they followed some one or desired to avoid observation.

Bessie uttered a low cry of alarm, and pointed into the valley to the left, where four men were also skirting along the base of a hill, each with a rifle on his shoulder. The women sank down behind a mass of rock, and Mrs. Russell said:

"They are ranchmen and Mormons, but they have not found our trail, and we have not been seen."

Peering cautiously over the rocks they saw the men in the right hand valley disappear in the undergrowth; and those in the left hand one were lost sight of as they turned a hill. Both parties were heading in the southwest, but Mrs. Russell's fear lasted only a moment. She was certain that both bands were Mormons, divided in order to sooner discover them; but having had warning of pursuit, the fugitives would now be on their guard.

They remained where they first halted for nearly two hours before going forward, and they moved across the open space of ground as rapidly as possible. Reaching the undergrowth again they found the end of the hill, or rather it was cut in two by a valley a quarter of a mile broad. The fugitives were descending into the valley when they were startled by a whoop and a yell, faintly but distinctly uttered, and closely followed by the reports of rifles and the crack of revolvers.

"It's a fight between the ranchmen and the Indians!" whispered Mrs. Russell, as they stopped and sank down behind a rock.

The firing continued for four or five minutes, with an occasional yell, and then the hills were as silent as before.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A NIGHT AROUND THE RANCHE.

NEITHER Joe nor the hunter hesitated to put confidence in Elder Russell's statement that the women had escaped, and they found themselves in an annoying predicament. Moss and his companion would wake for the city with all speed to secure assistance, and if the women had gone in that direction the chances were



that they would be overtaken by the ranchmen and carried along to the city.

Hez and the hunter must leave the house as soon as possible, or they might in turn be made prisoners; but which way should they turn? The hunter was completely nonplussed, and the Quaker remarked:

"Friend Joseph, it seemeth to me that the females should have tarried here a few minutes longer!"

It would be folly for them to return to the city, and Joe saw but one way left. Bidding the Quaker pack up a bundle of provisions from the supply in the pantry, the hunter searched and found a further supply of ammunition. While searching he was busy thinking what course to take, and he decided that they would have to secrete themselves among the hills until daylight before they would be able to judge what further movements to make. The ranchmen would return by daylight—perhaps within an hour—and a clue might be gained from their words or actions. If the women had been captured and taken to the city there was an end to the search, or rather the commencement of a new one. If they had not Joe could pick up their trail as soon as daylight came.

Elder Russell and his companion were very docile after being locked up, and as soon as the men were ready they passed out, shut the doors of the ranche and retreated to a point about forty rods south of the house to wait for further occurrences.

In the course of twenty minutes there was a great banging and a loud shouting from the Mormon prisoners, who at length succeeded in freeing themselves. They stood together on the steps of the ranche and shouted at the top of their voices for aid, and then retired into the house to wait the return of the ranchmen or the arrival of daylight, both having been too roughly handled to permit of their making their way to the city on foot.

It was midnight before the ranchmen returned, and they brought five or six people with them, all on horseback. There was considerable excitement as they arrived at the ranche, and the hunter whispered to his companion:

"Swing down here and I'll drop ahead and keep my ears open."

"Friend, I have ears as well," replied the Quaker, and he followed Joe as the hunter crept on hands and knees to a point from which they could hear almost every word spoken in the house and be securely hidden by the darkness.

The ranchmen had not discovered the women, and were positive that the fugitives had not headed for the city. The object of the men in attacking the house was not clearly understood. Some believed that robbery was the aim, though the supposed robbers had taken away nothing of value, and others agreed with Elder Russell that they were friends of his prisoner and had come to rescue her. The villain was certain in his own mind that such was the case. He was one of the twelve jurymen who had tried the Quaker at midnight, and recognized the face and remembered the voice.

The midnight jury was a body whose decisions were never known beyond themselves, and whose victims were never again to be looked upon except by the exe-

cutioners, whose lives would pay the forfeit of babbling tongues. Therefore Elder Russell was not free to state what he felt certain of in his own mind, though he declared that the robbers must be caught at any sacrifice, and that nothing should save them from speedy execution.

Those at the ranche must wait with those outside for the coming of daylight in order to pick up the trail of the fugitives.

The listeners heard four men named off to go in pursuit, heard a great deal of bluster about being able to find the women before sunrise, and to hang the two robbers before noon, and then they retired to their old position.

"Friend, dost believe thou canst find the trail very early in the morning?" inquired Hez with great interest.

"You kin bet I dost!" replied Joe. "The fact ar' I have found it now, and shall follow it for half a mile or so and then wait for daylight."

"But I see no evidences," said Hez, looking around in some surprise.

"And yet them women passed along in this direction when they left the ranche," replied Joe, leading the way toward the mountainous country on the south.

The hunter had been reasoning the case, and after ascertaining that the fugitives had not passed down toward the Overland Trail he felt certain that they had started for the hills, and must have gone south. He did not believe they would travel over a mile in the darkness before halting to wait for daybreak, and he led the way back about that distance in order to lose no time when daylight arrived.

As the two rested at the base of a ridge the howling of wolves was borne to their ears, making Hez very restless and impatient.

"Ye might as well sit down an' chew terbacker, for ye can't make daylight come any sooner, and it's natural for wolves to howl," said the hunter.

Hez sat down with a mental groan, his mind harassed by a thousand doubts. Both leaned back against a rock and neither spoke for an hour.

"I declare if he isn't fast asleep!" exclaimed Joe, after having whispered the Quaker's name two or three times. "Wall, wall, it's only an hour or two to daylight, and he'll see wild times afore the sun sets again."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE DOUBLE PURSUIT.

AT the first sign of daylight the hunter aroused Hez from his uneasy slumber, and they moved off at once; looking for the trail of the fugitive women, or for the women themselves. Joe believed that they were hiding somewhere within a mile of the ranche to wait for daylight, and the two passed forward at a swinging pace. They had passed to the southeast of the ranche the night before, and now they headed northwest, intending to make a half-circle of the premises unless sooner making some discovery.

"Friend Joseph, suppose we find the women, what then?" asked Hez, as they hurried along in the morning gray.

"Hum—hum! don't ask quesshuns," replied Joe, increasing his pace.

If they found the women their troubles were by no means ended. They would have a gauntlet to run, and the hunter was already planning to meet the dangers of the future. They were hurrying along through the underbrush when the hunter suddenly changed his course and whispered:

"They passed right along here last night!"

Hez saw no traces until Joe pointed out a broken branch, an upturned stone, and finally footprints. Up the hill and along its crest and down the other side the trail could be easily followed, but then they reached a valley and lost all traces, the ground being covered with short dry grass. Then Joe began to follow the fugitives by guess, and keeping down the valley they at length came to the spot where the women had built the fire and rested until morning.

"Been gone about an hour," said the hunter, as he looked at the smouldering brands which Mrs. Russell had scattered about, but the brands caused a suspicion in his mind that he had struck the trail of some other party. He did not believe that a woman would have the foresight to scatter a fire, even if she had dared build one at night while expecting a sharp pursuit. The valley was closely searched for a footprint, a bit of cloth or ribbon, or something which should prove that the party passing the night were men or women, but nothing could be found.

"We've got to go ahead till we find out," said the hunter, after they had discussed the chances, and he began searching for the spot where the strangers had left the valley. They had left a plain trail up the mountain, overturning stones and breaking branches, but it was nearly an hour before three or four footprints were distinguished and identified as having been made by the shoes of women. Then a bit of cloth was found hanging to a brier, more footprints, and Joe halted and said:

"It's the women, sure enough. I don't believe they are more'n a mile ahead, but they are moving lively an' seem to expect pursuit. I know this country like a book, an' afore noon I'm goin' to head 'em off."

Striking to the west, they descended the hill, followed the little valley half a mile to the south and then climbed another hill. They were descending the west side of this to get into the valley when they heard the sound of voices.

"It's the women!" exclaimed Hez, ready to rush down.

"If ye don't want to chaw a bullet ye'll keep powerful quiet!" replied the hunter, shifting his position until he could look into the valley.

The four ranchmen were below them, hurrying along the valley to the south. They were out of sight in a moment, seeming to have found a warm trail.

"Now, then, we've got to do some lively walking!" growled Joe, as he led the way down the hill; "an' I'll bet powder that we have a fight afore the sun is an hour higher!"

It came much sooner than he had anticipated. They had only gained the valley when the ranchmen came running back, having found the end of their path and

being about to take another way. They were almost upon the two men before being discovered, and for an instant the two parties confronted each other in astonishment. Then Joe raised his rifle, took quick aim at the foremost man, and as the weapon cracked he yelled:

"Do for 'em—down with the Mormons!"

Hez was at his heels as he dashed upon the ranchmen, and for a moment or two there was a rapid discharge of revolvers, a fierce yelling and a cloud of smoke. Then the valley was quiet again, and when the smoke lifted only one ranchman was in sight and he was dead upon the grass. The others had disappeared down the valley. Of the dozen bullets fired at close range only the first had counted.

"Leave him for the wolves!" said Joe, as they bent over the dead ranchman to see if he was really dead; "if we save them women we've got to make tracks lively, for there's an end to these hills down here a bit."

They crossed the valley, climbed up the hill, and when they had reached its crest they kept to the south again as fast as they could go. At noon they reached the southern terminus of the mountainous country, and they had neither caught sight of the women nor heard from the ranchmen a second time. The Overland Trail was to the southeast of them, and to the south and west was a clear plain across which they could see for miles.

Descending into the valley, the men picked their way over rocks and around thickets for two hours, and always on the alert for sight or sound. They had lost the trail long before the fight, and it might be that they had pressed on until in advance of the women, and thus allowed them to be captured by the ranchmen. Fearing this to be the case, Joe led the way up the rugged side of south Grizzly Mountain, intending to travel north as soon as they should reach its crest. They were near the crest, and the long legs of the Quaker had almost given out, when there came a gruff shout from a man and a scream from a woman.

"Steady, my boy!" whispered the hunter, as Hez attempted to rush past him; and together they crept through the underbrush until they reached a spot on the crest of the mountains where the masses of rock had crowded out every living vine and tree.

Three hundred feet to the south and thirty feet above them stood the two women, outlined sharply against the sky, and climbing up to secure them, were the three ranchmen. The women stood almost on the edge of a projecting mass, hands clasped, and it seemed as if they were going to jump.

"I'm going to send a bullet into the head of that first chap!" whispered Joe, as he raised his rifle; "and when ye see him drop hand me yer rifle and then jump up and swing yer hat an' holler to the women as loud as ye kin!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE QUAKER'S PRIZE.

THE fugitives had kept their way to the south until discovered by the ranchmen from a valley far below. Hearing the faint shouts of the Mormons, and realizing



that they had been seen, the women had sought the rocky crest as a hiding-place. They had been hunted out by the ranchmen, and climbing among the rocks had at last been brought to bay at the edge of the cliff and must await capture or leap down. They had no hope of rescue, and Mrs. Russell knew that recapture meant some horrible death for her.

"They will spare you, and you may yet see your friends!" she said, as she pulled Bessie back from the cliff. "Remain here and let them seize you—I am going to my death!"

The girl clung to her and would not let go. The three ranchmen, rifles strapped on their backs to facilitate climbing, shouted exultingly as they drew nearer, and the end had come.

Moss was within thirty feet of the women, and was balancing himself to make a leap from rock to rock, when he threw up his arms with a yell and sank down, and the clear report of a rifle rang out. Next moment the tall form of the Quaker appeared to the women, and they saw him swinging his hat and heard his shouts:

"Sit down! Sit down! It's Hezekiah Morrow come for thee!"

As Mrs. Russell dragged the girl back there came a sharp cry of pain from the second ranchman, and she saw him fall, leap up, and stagger into the underbrush after his companion.

"Go up thar' an' get 'em," said Joe to the Quaker as he lowered his smoking rifle. "Thar'll be weepin' and snufflin', an' I'll wait here till it's all over."

Hez found Mrs. Russell pale and trembling, and Bessie lying unconscious on the ledge.

"Poor little Bessie!" he said, the big tears in his eyes, and he raised her up in his strong arms and carried her down the rocks to a little spot of green, where she revived.

The hunter sat on the rocks a little way off improving the opportunity to eat his dinner, and Mrs. Russell knelt down before them all and thanked God that "the voice crying in the wilderness" had brought friends to their rescue. It was a full hour before Hez came over to Joe and said:

"Friend Joseph, we are ready to follow thee."

The women expressed their gratitude to the brave man who had been the means of their rescue, and after ascertaining from them that they had seen but the three ranchmen Joe led the way down the hill, satisfied that only one party had been started in pursuit by the Mormons. Leaving Bessie entirely to the care of the Quaker, the hunter lent his aid to Mrs. Russell when the way was difficult, and the valley was soon reached.

It could not be expected that the Mormons would cease the pursuit until they were certain that the women were outside of Mormon influence. The two ranchmen who had escaped would make such a report as would put half a hundred of Brigham Young's subjects on the trail of pursuit, and Joe fully realized that the rescue of the women was by no means the end of their troubles. Keeping under cover as much as possible, he led them toward the Overland Trail, which was crossed an hour before sundown.

There was a week of hiding in the woods, crossing

plains, avoiding ranches, and dodging small parties of Mormons sent out in pursuit, the particulars of which would not interest the reader so much as the passengers on an Eastern-bound train were one night interested by the stoppage of the train at midnight on the plain fifty miles east of Salt Lake City.

"Was it cattle on the track?" inquired an impatient passenger of the conductor as the train got under way again.

"No—some people who wanted to get on board," replied the official, and there was a general growl at the delay.

A day or two after this the citizens of Deep Valley were half wild at the news that Bessie Baine had been restored to her friends, and Bradley's house was taken by storm. Quaker Baine had worried himself sick, but he rose from his bed and stood on the step and explained to the excited men how it had come about.

You would hardly know the Morrow farm to go by it now. The house has been enlarged and repaired, and there's such an air of sunshine that the passer-by must believe that genuine peace and contentment dwell in and around the old homestead. So they do.

Hezekiah had not a word to say for weeks after Quaker Baine and his daughter had returned home, but one evening as he sat on the step at Bessie's feet he whispered:

"Bessie, is there need for me to again ask thy hand in marriage?"

She whispered something in reply, and it was not many weeks before there was a quiet wedding at the Baine homestead, and when the ceremony had been concluded, Farmer Baine was heard saying to his wife:

"Pshaw on thy tears, mother! didn't Hezekiah earn his wife?"

WASHINGTON AS A MAN.—Washington was six feet two inches in height, with a very erect, robust, stalwart frame. He had a fine breadth of chest; long, well-shaped and very strong arms; a broad large hand, with a grasp like a vice, and very straight, well rounded lower limbs. He had a large head, set on a strong full neck, with a commanding carriage. His hair was brown, or dark auburn; his eyes a grayish blue, set far apart, and his complexion ruddy or florid. Stuart, who painted him, declares that the sockets of his eyes were larger than he had ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader and fuller. All of his features were indicative of the strongest passions, although his judgment and great self-command made him seem different in the eyes of the world.

At the breakfast table the other morning, a Detroit landlady gave Mr. Jones a severe look and said, "Mr. Jones, I understand you have been circulating injurious reports about my house." "How, madam?" "I understand that you said you had used better butter than I have here to grease wagons with." "I did say so, madam, but not to injure your house. I have used better butter, madam, to grease wagons, but I wouldn't do it again. I'd sell it to you!" She accepted the apology.



APRIL SHOWERS.

## THE SORCERESS OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS, AND A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY COLONEL BREVET.

How many different scenes a wanderer through the world has come under his personal observation, and how much that is strange, and almost beyond belief, does he frequently have told him by those who have sought their fortunes in strange lands?

In the early part of 1854, I had returned to San Francisco from an unsuccessful trip to the mines, and while waiting there to recover from a severe attack of low fever that I had contracted while searching for the golden metal, I had a strange incident happen to me that resulted in such a change in my life that I was convinced more than ever of the truth of the wise precept of casting bread upon the waters.

I had, after my return, rented a room in a narrow street that you entered from Portsmouth Square, on one corner of which stood the famous Banking House of Palmer, Cook & Co. The room I occupied was in the first story of a house that stood in the rear of the banker's establishment, and it was my custom, every evening, to sit on the piazza in front of my window, and, while smoking, view the different scenes as they occurred.

On the opposite side of the street was a notorious barroom and gambling saloon, named "the Boomerang," and scarcely a night passed but the plainly audible voice of the presiding genius of the place, saying in a cold monotonous tone, "make your bets at any stage of the game, gentlemen; any time while the ball is rolling bets are in order," was broken by the loud curses of his dupes at their ill-luck, or, what was as frequent, a fight between the wretches half maddened with the cheap liquor dispensed there, in which, the noise of pistol shots and the gleam of bowie knives was seen through the large windows in the glare of the well-lighted rooms. Such scenes as these made me have a keen interest in the affairs of "The Boomerang."

The noise was at its highest pitch, and while I was debating in my mind, after hearing the keeper say in his coldest tone, "Stand back, gentlemen! give the man a fair chance to lose his money," whether it was to terminate in a fight, or merely expulsion of a victim from the "hell," to commit suicide at the entrance, or, if a miner, make his way off for another trip up the



river to retrieve, by hard work, what his folly had lost him in an hour, and had decided that suicide would be the correct thing, my attention was drawn from the opposite side, to a man who turned the corner and came down the street with a lingering uncertain step.

He wore a large camlet cloak, that had seen its best days years before, an apology of a cap, and bare feet; ruined miners were no uncommon sight in those days, and especially after dusk in, that locality, and I was about to resume my former occupation, when something peculiar in his form and air reminded me of my schoolboy days, and caused me to give him a scrutiny.

As he drew near, the conviction that I had seen him before became a certainty, and as he glanced up while passing, I said, "Mr. Seymour, what are you doing here in this state?"

"Who are you? and what do you want of me? I don't want any one to speak to me that ever knew me before," he said, as he partially stopped, and wrapped his old cloak together about him to conceal his rags.

"That won't do, Mr. Seymour," I replied. "If you have got to go down hill, it is not for me to give you another shove, even by overlooking you, when I might be able to pull you the other way a little."

"No one can pull me up; I am too far gone for that," was his sad reply, as he slowly turned away.

"Hold on, my cove! none of that!" I shouted, as I sprang over the low railing of the piazza, and, seizing him by the collar, said, "You just lay on t'other tack and make my room a harbor for a little while, while I hold a survey on you and see if you are too far gone for repairs."

Somewhat reluctantly he turned, and I soon had him in the house and a candle lit.

Although my unwilling visitor was too far gone to be classed as shabby genteel, you could still observe a latent bearing in him that betokened a gentleman, though certainly under several clouds, if not more.

"Who are you?" he again asked, after a searching look at my features.

"I thought you wouldn't recognize me," I said, as I submitted patiently to his piercing gaze; "but when I say I was the little fellow in the old academy on the hill at Nantucket, whom you used to tell if he didn't get his lessons he would have to dig clams for a living, and whose name is John, although the boys called him 'Jack Brevet,' I think you may recall me."

"Jack Brevet," he murmured; "well, I'll take it for granted you are Jack Brevet, as you remember what I used to say to him; but he was a little shaver of fourteen or fifteen, and I cannot realize that this stout heavy-bearded man is he."

"Twenty years make a great change in all of us," I said; "but what are you doing here in this shape?"

"Dead broke," was the sententious answer.

"That's very evident; when did you feed last?" I inquired.

"Day before yesterday," was the trembling answer, weakness and long fasting unmanning him so that a few sobs escaped him, although he tried hard to control himself.

"Day before yesterday!" I shouted; "take your hat, old fellow, and stir your stumps for a short distance;"

and, followed by my old pedagogue, I hastily made my way to a neighboring restaurant kept by a Dutchman, where I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him tuck under his old camlet a reasonable supply for a small menagerie, my only fear being that he would overdo the thing.

Did you ever see a hungry man eat? I don't mean a man with a good peckish appetite, but a real out and out hungry one—one who has been on short allowance for some time and the commons poor at that; that is the kind of a hungry man I mean, and that is the kind my old instructor was. He wasn't a bit particular as to quality; it was quantity he wanted, and I almost fancied that the first few mouthfuls went down like a deep sea lead, bringing up with a thud. Our Teutonic restaurator cast many a glance of approval on his customer as he quietly stowed away the prog.

"Eat heartily, and give the place a good name," I said, when, after a good half hour of steady feeding, he pushed back his chair from the table, saying, "enough is as good as a feast."

"How old are you, Mr. Seymour?" I inquired, as we were returning.

"Forty-two!" was his brief answer.

"Forty-two! Impossible! I went to school to you over twenty years ago," I said.

"Exactly; I commenced teaching at twenty, although I looked fully five years older," he replied.

I could hardly realize that my old master was only six years my senior. I concluded that this strange life must have aged him as it did, and as we were now back to the house, I asked him to give me his history after leaving Nantucket; but before doing so, I got out of my trunk some of my under-clothes, which had shrunk so with washing that I thought they would answer, to which I added a pair of heavy boots, and a calico shirt that I had bought in a Jew's shop in the mines, that had proved entirely too small.

"Now, Mr. Seymour, while you are taking a good wash and changing your duds for these, I will have a smoke outside." So I left him for a short time to himself, thinking he would be less embarrassed if alone.

When I returned again, I said, "I have a family at home to support, and as I am out of business I cannot do any more for you than have you stay quietly here and share my living, such as it is, until you can better yourself; in the morning I will visit some townsmen, and get up a contribution without telling who it is for, and get you some decent clothes for you to solicit employment in."

As I said this the tears stood in his eyes, and he finally managed to say, "I have been everywhere, even among cannibals, and yesterday I wished heartily that I was back again out of a Christian land; but to-night, I feel some hope in me, and while I must accept your offer temporarily, I will try not to be a burden too long on you, and if I can ever repay you I will, tenfold."

Little did he or I then think that the return would be made as soon as it was, or in so substantial a manner; but in California in its earlier days, the poor man of to-day was the millionaire of the morrow.

"Never mind the thanks," I said, "but heave ahead

with your story, and tell me how you became so reduced, for, to a man of your ability and age, the tale must be a strange one indeed."

"It is a long story, and as to the strangeness I will leave that to you to decide. Since I have been here I have been principally in the mines; I found that I soon lost my health digging for gold, and started an evening school for the miners. That didn't pay, and I was then an actor in a variety theatre, then tinman, blacksmith, butcher, doctor, lawyer, dentist, judge in a vigilance committee, in short, Jack at all trades, and of course, master of none; there is no profession or calling in which I have not officiated, all the time going astern, till finally I made up my mind to go afoot to San Francisco, thinking I could do no worse here than there.

"I started on my tramp, and finally, when within two hundred miles of the city, I came to a mountain torrent over which I could not pass. I made up my mind I must go under; but finally I came to a bridge by walking up the stream a short way, and seeing the toll-gate was the further side, I determined to beg my way across. Accordingly I went over and was confronted by the keeper with a demand for a quarter. 'Nary red,' I replied, 'I am dead broke, but if you insist I will go back again.' 'You don't look cautious nice, stranger,' said he, 'and if you are bust, I reckon you kin trot along.' Thanking the man for his generosity, I so interested him with my story that he gave me a five dollar gold piece and a dinner. If there is a heaven I trust that man will find as generous a toll-taker at its bridge. After that I took a stage as far as my money would carry me, and then the passengers made up enough to take me to 'Frisco,' and here I have been for five days, almost starved."

"How did you come to this country? for when I last heard of you, they told me you were in Boston, rich."

"While my California experience is similar to hundreds, I presume the way I got here is somewhat peculiar; in 1837, I inherited from an uncle in Boston quite a fortune, and concluded to go on a wild speculation. Having heard in Nantucket, from the old whalers there, how easily fortunes were made by any one with capital enough to visit the Feejee Islands and trade with the natives, carrying your barter to Canton for a market and then exchanging it for products of that country, I determined to make a grand tour of the world in my own way, and in Boston, falling in with Captain Darnsford who had been a similar voyage, and who agreed to go out in command of a vessel for me if I would give him an eighth of the net profits, after short deliberation I accepted his proposition, and we commenced our preparations for the voyage.

"Captain Darnsford was a Sandwich Islander, although he was a half breed, his father being an English resident at Honolulu who had taken a Kanaka wife, and, being at one time quite wealthy, had given the captain a fair education. If he had not told me his parentage, I should not have dreamed he was anything but pure white, for he showed no trace of his native blood, beyond his tall shape, coal black, coarse, straight hair. As he could converse readily in the native dialect, and had excellent references from the last em-

ployer that he sailed for, I deemed myself fortunate in securing so competent a man for the contemplated voyage.

"After some delay, we found a beautiful brig, well adapted for our purpose, named the Sally Ann, and after some negotiation I purchased her, and under the advice of the captain, filled her for the voyage. We armed her with four six-pounders of brass and two long nines, as well as a quantity of muskets and pistols, and instead of heavy shot, we took two hogsheds of boiler punchings, deeming them to be better at short range than grape. Having arranged these details, I put what balance money I had in Yankee notions and small wares adapted for trading, and then, at the suggestion of the captain, we filled the vessel with freight for Melbourne, with the idea of putting what money we could make by doing so into the venture.

"We finally were all ready for sea, and left Boston one fine summer morning with a beautiful breeze and fair prospects before us. The brig proved herself to be all she was recommended, and we congratulated ourselves many times on securing a vessel that was so fast and would work so well in any position as she did.

"On the passage out, the sailors were employed in making a boarding-netting that would go from the stern where there was an opening in the netting to the night-heads forward, and reached in height to the mainyard, where we could guy it out. While they were thus employed, I fitted up a small blacksmith's forge which I had bought in Boston, and amused myself by working at a trade, for which I always had a taste, in doing various little jobs about the ship, one of which was to convert one of our long nines into a swivel gun that could be fired in any direction.

"Seven months from the time we left India wharf in Boston, we were discharging freight at Melbourne, and after settling with the consignees, I began to make, under the direction of Darnsford, such final purchases as he thought could be traded with to advantage at the islands. About the time we were ready to sail, the French consul sent a note to me requesting me to call at his office, and on my doing so he stated he had heard that I was going to the Feejees, and that he wished very much he could make some arrangement with me to take two missionaries aboard and land them at Wallace's Island, where there was a mission established. After consultation with the captain, we agreed to do so for five hundred dollars down, which was ultimately agreed upon, and the priests came aboard. I found they were of the Romauist persuasion, young, and full of faith in their mission; and although they were Freuchmen, they could converse intelligibly in English, and were, on the whole, a pleasing addition to our company.

"As I am only giving you a sketch of my adventures, I skip all the monotonous accounts of the passages, and so spare you tedious parts, which any one who has made a sea voyage understands fully.

"In due time we were off the reef at the entrance to Wallis's Island, where we were to land our passengers. This reef extends entirely around the island, the passage throughout being less than fifty feet wide, and can only be attempted with a fair wind. Before



we passed through, we hove to outside, and rigged our netting so as to prevent being filled with more natives than we cared to look after; having done which we put her off before the wind, and soon dropped anchor near the shore.

"Shortly after we had anchored, we saw two white men on shore, and, in company with the captain and priests, we landed and found they were the missionaries whom we expected to find. They were delighted enough at our visit to this remote region, and when they found that we had brought them an accession to their small strength, they appeared overcome with joy.

"They had made great headway on the island, converting many of them to their belief, inducing them to renounce their savage practices, especially that most horrible of all customs—canibalism. About half of the eight thousand or more of the natives on the island had refused to listen to their doctrines, and had withdrawn to the western portion of the island, where they continued to observe their original customs and have their peculiar love feasts of human flesh. They were very ferocious, and the humanized party, fortunately the larger, were constantly on the alert to prevent a surprise from an attacking party from Devil's Land, as the cannibals' home was named.

"After getting our passengers' traps ashore, we accepted an invitation to pass the afternoon and evening with the hospitable priests; and when we left them, it was only by promising to stay the next day with them that they would allow us to go at all.

"Early in the morning we saw a canoe with a native in it, who was paddling swiftly for the vessel, and as he came to the stern, he held up a letter, on opening which, we found it to contain information that a party from Devil's Land were making preparations to go on an expedition in their war canoes, and we had better be on our guard and leave as soon as possible. Unpleasant as the news was, it was of too grave importance to be looked on lightly, so, while the captain was preparing the brig for defence from an attack, I loaded a boat with such things as we thought would be useful to our friends ashore, and soon sculled to the beach, where the priests met me and urged me to leave at once, as they had received later information that the attack was to be made on us by nearly a thousand natives, and they were afraid they would overpower us.

"From their earnestness I saw that they were greatly alarmed at their information, so unloading the boat, I wrung their hands, and, with a hearty 'God speed you,' from them, was soon aboard again, the boat hoisted in on deck, the netting closed, and on looking, found the brig nearly ready for action.

"The muskets had been loaded and placed in convenient position around deck, and the cook, who had served in the British navy, acting as our gunner, was loading our cannon. He had already rammed the powder home in each piece, and now was shooting them. The way he did it was to go to a hogshead of the boiler punches, fill a sailor's tarpaulin hat twice full, and put it for one charge into a gun. I thought if they didn't burst, there would be a rattling of bones, somewhere, when they were fired.

"Having finished loading our guns we got under-

way at once, and, dipping our ensign three times to our friends ashore, receiving cheers and waves of pocket handkerchiefs in reply, we started for the passage through the rip. The wind was now nearly ahead, but the captain thought we could go through when we got there, and at any rate he should make the attempt. As we had a dead beat to windward, and all hands would be employed in working ship, I went to the mast-head to watch for the enemy. As we began to draw out from the land, my attention was attracted to what appeared to be clumps of bushes on a point of land about five miles off, and, on levelling the spyglass, found the clumps to be large canoes filled with men who were holding boughs in their hands, apparently to conceal them, all appearing to watch the vessel intently. Just as I discovered them they threw down their boughs, showing plainly three large canoes, over a hundred feet long, with nearly two hundred men in each.

"Hailing the deck I informed them of my discovery, and again turned to watch them, when I noticed, about three or four miles around the point, two more canoes, apparently a little larger. As they were all paddling, I congratulated myself on the fine breeze we had, and prayed for its continuance, for as we were so far off, and going two yards to their one, I deemed they had no possible chance of catching us. As soon as it became evident to them that we were escaping, they stopped paddling, and as they lay quietly on the water, I concluded they had given up their attempt to capture us, and turned to come down. As I got on a backstay to slide to deck, what was my astonishment to see that they had rigged lateen sails, and were now overhauling us as rapidly as we had been leaving them! Utterly discouraged I gained the deck, and, grasping a musket, determined to fight desperately before yielding.

"As they drew near the captain ordered them in Kanaka to keep off or he would fire into them. They understood him, for while one went on each quarter, the third went into position on our stern, and there about eighty yards off, they hung round us, hovering about like a parcel of sharks near a dying whale, waiting for the last breath, when they can gorge on his carcass with impunity.

"As they were evidently waiting for their reinforcements, who had not yet appeared around the point, the crew were clamorous for our captain to commence the attack; but he seemed over-cautious, and still kept on, trusting to our getting outside the reef, though how that was to benefit us none could see, as the canoes could cross the shoal water most anywhere.

"'Cook,' said the captain, as the sailors grew more and more uneasy, 'keep the long nine trained on a canoe, and fire immediately on the order.'

"'Ay! ay! sir!' answered that worthy, as he swung our swivel into position.

"Among our crew we had one old shell back who was now at the helm, whom the sailors called 'Long Harry.' He was a tall weather-beaten old tar, and his judgment was considered excellent, even by the captain; but when I heard him say, 'the old man is scared, and will let the bloody man-eaters alone too long, and when the other canoes get up they'll just overpower us,' I began to get restive myself.

"As he said this, the cook cried out, as a hint, I suppose, 'I have got a beautiful sight on the canoe on our port quarter, and can blow her'—'fire!' shouted Long Harry, and the cook, without looking to see who gave the order, applied his slow match in a second. The piece in its recoil nearly jumped out of its carriage, while the vessel shook from stem to stern. Hearing loud cries of pain and agony, I looked over the water as the smoke cleared away, and saw that the cook had aimed correctly, for the canoe was blown to pieces, while her human freight was scattered in fragments all around. Before a word could be spoken our gunner sprang to the other long nine, and, swinging it into position, fired again and again with the same precision.

"It seemed almost too horrible to think that we owed our lives to such a sacrifice, but self-preservation was our only thought then; and, although it looked sickening to see the fragments of beings, who were in life and health a few moments before, now floating all around us, and even as quickly as that, the sharks were at work on the remains.

"Before there was time to fire another gun, the remaining canoes, fearing the fate of their comrades, hauling their sails flat aft, shot ahead of the vessel, and, putting off before the wind, left us as suddenly as they came, uttering loud cries of rage and disappointment.

"Although the captain pretended great anger at the assumption of authority by Long Harry, saying he was about to give the order to fire himself, we all felt too much relieved at our escape to say much against our deliverer.

"As we had been nearing the outlet all the while this was occurring, and as we would pass it on the next tack, the wind having hauled a few points, as we came to the channel we gave the sails a good full and shot through, and were soon leaving our dangers far behind. How the missionaries fared afterwards I never knew.

"Three weeks after that we were at the island of Rava, one of the Asaua group. Rava is in the south-west part of the group, and has about twenty thousand inhabitants, governed by a chief who is called king, although he is of inferior rank to Tui Viti, of the island of Ambow, who is, in reality, king of the Cannibal Islands.

"We passed through the Goro Sea, which is a group of coral reefs surrounding the Feejees, and anchored off the mouth of a small river. Having loaded our guns and stood our muskets around, we rigged our boarding netting, and were ready to consummate the object of our voyage by trading with the natives for sandal wood and tortoise shell.

"We were soon surrounded with canoes of all sizes, but we declined to trade with them until after we had seen the king, and when he, a greasy, dirty-looking fellow of middle age, with nothing but tappa cloth around his loins, put in an appearance, we presented him with a small looking-glass, a red smoking-cap and a cup and ball; and afterwards, until the cap was worn out, the glass broken, the toy lost, when he was not admiring his monarchical features in his mirror, he was catching the ball either in the cup or on the point of the handle,

in which feat he was soon a proficient. We declined trading though, until he furnished us three priests for hostages, which he finally did, and then we felt comparatively safe, as the chiefs in some things are a button-hole lower in rank than their divines.

"Finding that the captain could converse readily with them, as he claimed to be able to do, and could, in consequence, trade better than any one on board, I relinquished the business to him, and finding time hang heavy on my hands, returned again, at the captain's suggestion, 'to keep off blue,' to my blacksmith's forge.

"When we had been there a week we found their supply of barter was exhausted, and so we finished by buying several live hogs, intending to visit other islands until we had exhausted our own stock. When they were going for the hogs, the king, who had appeared very friendly, invited me, through the captain, to go ashore, and on Darnsford's representing that there would be no danger for me to do so, as he held the dusky hostages, I decided I would, and accordingly got into the imperial canoe and went ashore with my tawny host.

"As we approached the shore I could see that there was great excitement among the natives collected on the beach, but I presumed it was on account of a white visitor, and felt no alarm. As soon as I was ashore the king spoke rapidly for a few minutes, in a loud tone, and then, a chief and about a dozen men stepped forward and bowing obsequiously, they formed a regular escort around me, and, nodding pleasantly, and pointing to the interior, we started off.

"For several hours we kept up a steady walk; then I was so tired I threw myself down to rest, and found my example followed by the others. In a half hour's time we resumed our march, now going up a mountain, and now through a gorge, until I finally opened my foolish eyes to the fact that I must be ten miles or more from the ship, and I off in the interior with a parcel of grinning cannibals around me, not knowing where they were taking me. I came to the conclusion I had made a mess of it, and so turned round to go back. But which way or where to go was the question. The natives appeared perfectly willing to allow me to proceed my own way, but did not seem inclined to lead me any further. So I again sat down and stared at them, which they fully reciprocated, laughing as though they had a 'big joke on Snyder,' and I feared I was Snyder.

"At last the sun went down, and finally, worn out in body and mind, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake until morning, when I found we had received an accession to our strength at some time during the night, of a pair of cannibals, who came with provisions. As I was right hungry, I opened their packages without a word, and finding they had plenty of roast pig and bread fruit, I helped myself without interference; and having satisfied my hunger, and quenched my thirst from a small stream, I amused myself trying to find my way back, the natives appearing entirely satisfied to let me wander at will, although they kept me in sight all the time.

"Finally, becoming tired of my fruitless attempts, I



joined them again, and threw myself on the grass. Loading my pipe I went in for a square smoke; when I had got fairly started, I offered them a whiff, and all that day I amused myself by seeing each of them in turn have a general clean out of the system; it was better than any emetic I ever saw administered, although they were game to the last man.

"The next morning, soon after they had awakened, a messenger joined us, and after talking rapidly for a few moments with our leader, approached me and made motions for me to go the way he came, and as they all started that way, I made Hobson's choice and followed, and a sharp walk for a couple of hours brought me to the landing-place.

"What was my astonishment on looking around, to find that the vessel had disappeared, and I was left alone. For a few moments I was unmanned; thoughts of home, my isolation and probability of never being able to see civilization again, crowded over me, and filled me with painful emotions, so deeply that I could not restrain from groans. Just then a native touched me and bade me follow him; understanding his gestures I did so, and in fifteen minutes I found myself near a long stockade of bamboo. We slipped through a small entrance wide enough for one man to pass in at a time, and I found myself in a square, with houses enough of bamboo thatched with leaves to contain many thousands.

"As soon as we appeared, we were surrounded with men, women and children, who appeared to show great curiosity at seeing me; my color and dress drawing forth many remarks, especially from the women, who gave me their particular attention. Although I was greatly annoyed by their attempts to feel of me, I had to grin and bear it, walking along with all the dignity and self-possession I could muster.

"In a short time we approached a hut much larger than the rest, and the crowd falling back as we drew near it, I entered with my guide, who, pointing to a curiously carved block of wood which was evidently used for a seat, retired at once, leaving me to my bitter reflections. For some time I sat motionless, but finally curiosity prompted me to make an examination of the place I was in; beyond a large wooden trough, in the centre of it, which appeared to be filled with banana leaves, a few calabashes in a corner, and several blocks similar to the one I was sitting on, seemed to be all it contained. I had barely finished my mental note of its contents and was wondering what it was used for, when the king, accompanied by the hostages I had left aboard and several chiefs, came into the room; beyond a grunt or two they paid no attention to me, but going to the corner and taking the gourds, had a square drink all round. One of them was sufficiently polite enough to pass me one of them, and as I took a small taste, more out of curiosity and fear of offence than desire for the liquor they held, the party seemed greatly satisfied at my action. The liquor was a fiery sort of rum, and a little went a great ways with me; and had I known then, as I afterwards did, that it was the fermented extract of the cava root made by women who chewed it and spit it into a bowl to work, I should have passed it at once. Ignorance is bliss, however, and I

swallowed a small dose unsuspectingly, saying as I did so, 'with the Turks, do as the Turkeys do.'

"When that performance was over, they went to the trough in the centre of the room, and throwing the banana leaves off from the top, invited me by gestures to join them, and on my doing so, I was horrified to see them expose to view the body of a small girl, roasted to a turn. Sick and disgusted as I felt, my old college song of

"Woman pudding and baby sauce,  
And a little roast girl for a second course,'

would come into my mind in spite of the horrid scene, and faint and nauseated I went outside the door, and stayed there until they joined me after their sickening feast.

"When they were through, they met me outside, and after talking earnestly together for some minutes, they conducted me to a hut that was apparently new, and here, in company with a native woman for a servant, I lived in idleness for some weeks, closely watched by a guard who prevented my leaving certain limits, totally unconscious of the fact that the woman was intended for my wife, which I shortly learned to be the fact in a curious way.

"One morning there was a loud shouting outside the stockade, and soon I saw the king, accompanied by a native who was tattooed from head to foot enter my hut; for twenty minutes they conversed rapidly, and then my calico-looking visitor turning to me said:

"Well, my hearty, how do you like it, far as you've got?"

"Had a thunderbolt struck me I would not have been more surprised than to hear the native address me so well in my own language; but I managed to stammer out, 'not a firstclass situation, and I'll resign without a whimper to the first applicant; but who and what are you?'

"Runaway sailor turned native,' was the frank answer.

"What are you going to do with me?" I inquired.

"Keep you for a blacksmith, and if you refuse, eat you,' was the reply.

"I'll blacksmith a while,' I hastily replied, 'if eating is the alternative.'

"Sensible man,' my interlocutor ejaculated; 'how do you get along with your wife?'

"Wife! I am not a married man!" I quickly said.

"Looks something like it,' he replied, with a quiet nod towards the corner where my servant crouched with a sullen look in her face.

"Did they mean her for my wife?" I asked, surprised and amused at the information.

"Just that, and she is as mad as hops because the chief sent her here when she wanted another!"

"Tell her to clear out! Vamose the ranche! I don't want her!" I shouted, warmly.

"You'll be in trouble with her family in five minutes if she is sent away, and then look out for your cocoanut; better keep her, I've got ten,' he gravely said.

"Ten wives?" I gasped.

"Just the number; and forty children."

"Forty children!"

"That's the count, to the decimal part of a fraction, and prospects."

"I was dumb with amazement. Here was a white man coolly telling me he had ten wives and forty children, quietly domiciled in the Cannibal Islands, and while taking it as a matter of course, seemed to think I should."

"I had read of Mormonism, but here was polygamy staring me right in the face, and I hesitatingly asked him if his name was Joe Smith."

"Nary a Smith; David Whippley; don't know Joseph," he quietly remarked.

"Whippley; runaway sailor; you don't happen to belong to the Nantucket Whippley, do you?"

"By the jumpin' General Jackson, but that's the identical place! where in the name of all that's human do you belong, and who are you?" he shouted, thoroughly excited.

"I belong in Boston, but I have taught school in your home," I answered.

"For a few moments he seemed lost in thought, and then for a long time plied me rapidly with questions about his native place, to all of which I answered freely as well as I was able. When he had concluded, I asked him how he came there, and he told me that twenty-five years before he was a boatsteerer on a whaler, but having had a difficulty ashore with the mate they came to blows, and he having whipped the officer, was broken and badly treated after they had sailed, and he had concluded he would try his fate with cannibals, and he liked them, on the whole, better than Christians."

"He lived on an island about one hundred and twenty miles off, and had only seen white men but once before he saw me during his whole residence, and that was when Commodore Wilkes was there with the Exploring Expedition, when he had acted as interpreter. The commodore had tried every means to induce him to return home, but he preferred to finish his life, such as it was, in his own peculiarly adopted way; and he now had rather remain among the natives, with whom he was a high chief, than return to civilization; that he didn't join their practice of cannibalism, but while he refused to partake of human flesh, it did not affect him any, although the sight of it formerly made him sick."

"When he had concluded his long story, he said, 'Mr. Seymour, you are in for it with a vengeance; if you do not work for them they'll eat you, and the best thing you can do is to get on their right side by becoming too valuable for them to dispose of you. If you do not want that woman, I will tell the chief that for two years you must be single or your god-will maim you so as to be unable to work, and at the end of that time you will take several, so as to make up for lost time; for if any one, after arriving at maturity on these islands, unless he becomes a priest, when he can do as he pleases, does not marry, they strangle him as of no account, and likely to be a burden on the tribe; we have no old maids or bachelors here,' he added, with a grin."

"How came my vessel to lose her hostages, and go away and leave me?" I inquired.

"I'll find out before I leave. I only know that they sent for me to come here and talk to you," he answered. As he said this he arose, and going out to where the king had stationed himself a few yards from the house, they conversed together for some time, the king apparently dissenting from what was said; but finally the objections, whatever they were, were withdrawn, for the king came quickly into the hut, and saying a few words to the woman she quietly gathered up her things and left me, her face beaming with smiles."

"Soon after she had gone a young lad of about sixteen made his appearance, and Whippley told me he was to be my 'man Friday,' for the next two years, and his name was Kaloo."

"The next day I began, with Whippley's assistance, to build a blacksmith's forge out of nothing; I say nothing, because we had no tools of any note to work with, and nothing to use after a forge should be made. However, the king sent a party of over five hundred to hunt for old iron, and while they were gone we proceeded to make me a fireplace, which was accomplished nicely, with a mud chimney. While they were doing this, I was preparing to make a pair of bellows, by cutting a pine plank which I fortunately found, in halves with my knife, and using some canvas for the sides. As the plank was only twenty inches in width, I had to make up for that deficiency in the length of it."

"Towards afternoon the messengers for iron began to arrive with their old junk, and one of the first ones chancing to bring part of a gun barrel, I was enabled to finish my bellows at once, which I did by covering the canvas all over with some gum that exuded from a tree near by, and then nailing it temporarily with wooden skewers until I could manufacture some iron nails."

"I had finally got my forge arranged, and although the bellows were a little leaky, I thought it would answer long enough until I could repair it."

"While I was looking round for a suitable stone for an anvil, two natives came dragging part of an anchor with the fluke to it, and that was a prize, sure. Under the direction of Whippley, the natives began polishing it with stones, and though it was as deeply pitted with the rust as a smallpox patient is with the disease, they never left off until it was as smooth as glass, as many as five hundred having had a turn at it."

"We then procured a large block, and finding a saw in the pile of iron that now began to accumulate, I let it into the wood firmly, and had the satisfaction of having a solid anvil, if it was a rough one."

"Finally the head of a cooper's hammer was brought in, and now I was made. I soon had whittled out a handle, and a chief seeing me make a fire in the forge, using for the purpose some charcoal from a place where I judged they had been holding a human barbecue, pointed significantly at the ashes and gave a ghastly grin; however, he soon brought me a flintlock musket for repairs, and Whippley telling me he wanted fire put into it, I made an examination, and found nothing ailed it, but from long usage the mainspring had become weakened, so I merely wedged it up with a piece of wood, and greasing it with some hog's leaf, put the gun together again. The chief had been looking black as I apparently broke his gun to pieces, but as it began



to assume its former shape, his face began to be less wrinkled, and when I cocked and snapped it, producing a shower of sparks from the flint, his delight knew no bounds, and my fame as a blacksmith was secured by the success of my first job.

"The next day I had a roof built over my workshop, and then had it enclosed in a square, to keep the crowd from annoying me, and I never worked there once after that but what I had a full audience outside the bamboo railing.

"For three weeks Whippey stayed with me, during which time he discovered that Captain Darnsford had deliberately sold me to the king for an immense amount of tortoise shell and saudal wood, and that while I thought he was making unheard-of bargains, he was receiving pay in advance for my body. I was horrified at the base ingratitude of the man that I had trusted so; but when I thought over his anxiety to have me do his odd jobs, especially the few times the king had been aboard, the more convinced I became of his treachery, and felt heartsick at the thought of the lonely life I was condemned to lead by the villany of my employer.

"However, it was no use crying over spilled milk, and so I put the best face I could on the matter, and inquired how the hostages became free, and was told that when they had got me landed, they sent directly back to the vessel word for all canoes to come ashore at once, and also told the captain they should keep me and eat me, and if they would let the hostages go, they would give them their weight in turtle shell, and if they didn't accept, they would try to take the vessel. The captain made a great pretence of going to fight for me, getting ready to hang the priests and all that, but when they appeared with their fourteen war canoes, they agreed to sell the hostages back, and then the captain was to go to Australia and get an American man-of-war to avenge me, and so they sailed away without waiting; but, said Whippey, 'he fairly sold you, and he'll manage to lose his crew, and you will never see him here again; but in five or six months you will see a regular trader coming, and if you keep a sharp lookout and see her first, you may be able to get away on her. I have never seen a trader at my island, but they tell that one comes regularly every year here, and if you watch out sharp you may get off.'

"When Whippey finally left me, he gave me many messages for home, saying he did not expect to see me again, as it was only by great urging and leaving hostages for his return that he had been allowed to come so far, and his time was nearly up now, but if ever I got away and visited those islands again, to come to his, and he would help me out in trading, which I promised faithfully to do, although I determined then, if I once got away, I would let well enough alone. I little thought then I should see what I did a few months later, and make the Feejees be the very place in the world that I wanted to go back to.

"For some days after Whippey had gone I felt lonesome and dispirited, but continued in my work, aided by Kaloo, who not only proved to be hardy in work, but also able to teach me Kanaka, and I soon got to talking it very smoothly.

"The first few days I was alone I occupied in sort-

ing over the scraps of iron that had been brought me, and found quite a variety of tools among the heap, such as gimlets, chisels, files, two saws, and a part of a large circular saw, which was extremely valuable for gun-lock springs, and what was worth its weight in gold until I had got fairly to work, a regular blacksmith's cold chisel. Having made everything snug, when I had sorted the heap over, I took a walk for my health, and to get the run of things. I found that Kaloo was not only a servant, but a spy over me, but I cared not for that; I thought that if there was a chance to escape, and I was not smart enough to outwit him, that I deserved to remain.

"Walking for a short distance up the mountain, I discovered a place where I could see for miles around, and having ascertained that fact, I returned at once, closely followed by Kaloo. As the sun was shining brightly in our faces at the time, I found after I could converse with him, that he thought my daily trips were to talk with the sun, whom they believed to be my father, from my ability to work with fire; a belief I took good care never to disabuse.

"One day a tremendous typhoon springing up, there were twenty-three canoes that were off fishing, driven off to sea and lost, and loud and terrible were the lamentations, more especially of the women. And good reason they had to wail, for the next day the widows of the lost men were called into the public square, and were there strangled, roasted and eaten. Their way of strangling them was to take a large piece of tappa, tie a knot round the neck, and then the victim lying down flat, two priests, each putting their feet on either side of her neck, pulled the neck of the cloth that they held, until the woman was dead. A shocking way, and I should have rigged them a guillotine, had I not dreaded they would take life oftener just to see the machine work.

"That day, and another time when I saw them one morning bring in one hundred and seventy-three prisoners from an island they had surprised in the night, was the only time that I saw cannibalism, although I had no doubt it was frequently practised, though in a quiet way. The time the prisoners were brought in they were put to death by means of a bludgeon, that appearing to be more dishonorable than strangulation, the latter mode of taking life only being used when they wish to honor any one, such as killing a woman when her husband dies, a female child when a boy dies.

"However, the prisoners went the way of all flesh, and I was never destined to know of any more of those wholesale slaughters.

"Finding that there was plenty of ammunition on the island, I got in the habit of going a gunning regularly at some portion of the day, and soon was an excellent shot, and the king had me, when there was no work to do, to supply the royal table with game, which was no hard matter, the river and bay being full of mallard duck and teal.

"One day, when I had been there about four months, and could then speak their language quite freely, the king invited me to go on an expedition with him to the island of Lauoa, some forty miles off, where they had

a wonderful white woman like me, who was a great priest.

"My curiosity was greatly excited, thinking I might meet a female Whippey; and I eagerly grasped the opportunity for a change. We started on our journey early the next day in a large canoc with about fifty natives, and late in the afternoon we arrived at a small island, and sending a courier ashore by having him swim a couple of miles, we were conducted in great state to the council chamber of the chief, which was a large hut similar to the one I had first been carried to on reaching Rava. Here, a feast of pole, breadfruit and other productions of pomona awaited us, giving to our arrival the same kind of reception that awaits an executive body in civilization, when on a friendly visit to a neighbor.

"At dusk we were escorted to a hut much larger than any I had yet seen, on entering which I found to be a very excellent imitation of a theatre. There was a stage with regular footlights, and the hall and all around was illuminated with lamps evidently trimmed with lard oil; the curtain of canvas was down so I could not see its arrangements, but I almost expected when I heard a small bell ring, to see a well-organized troupe appear, and play Shakspeare's 'Midsummer's Night Dream.'

"As the curtain arose, a very beautiful young lady of, as I judged, about seventeen, appeared to my view, with a Zoroaster's robe on, while near her were the various implements of art that one generally sees in a well-regulated necromancer's apparatus.

"Had the sky fallen, or I been carried by some magic carpet to the Museum on Tremont Street, I would not have been more astonished than I was at the sight before me, and my bewilderment was in no degree lessened to hear this beautiful maiden address her audience in pure Kanaka, and perform the usual trick of eating the established quantity of cotton, blowing fire from her mouth, and winding up with drawing from its place the parti-colored ribbon. Then followed the ring trick, oranges under the cups and disappearing, taking a small pig from the nose of a native, drinking several calabashes of water, and drawing it again from her dusky assistant's elbow, in short, all the usual sleight-of-hand-tricks that conjurors usually display.

"When her performance was all over, she bowed to her audience, thanked them for their kind attention, and retired from the stage with due gravity.

"As she left at its conclusion, I involuntarily cried out '*encore!*' and drew many a dark look on me for doing so.

"Scarcely had I said this when she returned, and saying to them in their own language, 'I have one thing more to do; the one who cried "*encore*" will please come here.'

"Utterly bewildered I stepped on the stage from the corner I had been ensconced in, and, as I did so, I was surprised to hear her say ventriloquially, 'keep your head, sir, or I'm lost. 'And then producing a small percussion pistol, a great novelty in those parts where everything is flintlock, she requested a chief to come up and load it, and for him to mark the ball, which he did by biting it, and immediately dropping it in the muzzle,

and ramming it home. After he had done this, he passed it to her, and while she was capping it, a voice said in my ear, 'I have the ball again in my hand; put it in your teeth unnoticed, and when he fires the pistol produce it.' As she said this, she passed the pistol back again to the chief, and as she led me to the rear I put a ball she handed me in my teeth.

"When I was posed she ordered the chief to fire at me, which he immediately did, and I, in accordance with her direction, took the bullet from my teeth and returned to him, and he with a howl of fright as he perceived it was the one he had loaded with, jumped into the crowd at once. Probably a more frightened audience was never beheld, as, in accordance with her command, they left the building.

"Your presence of mind saved me, sir,' she said, as the last man went out. 'Are you Tovai, of whom I have heard so much.'

"Tovai was the name Whippey was called, as I assured her I was not, and that I was a captive made so by treachery, she begged of me to rescue her if possible. I had barely time to tell her how I came there, and what little prospects I had for an escape; but that if I ever did escape I would come for her, if it was ten years later, and had just asked how she came there, when my master appeared and commanded me to follow him. I answered her look of appeal, by saying, as I went, 'I will come sometime for you, keep your courage,' and then followed the king out.

"That night, for the only time after my capture, I was regularly kept under guard, and long before day-break the king had me in the canoe headed back again, never seeming to breathe freely until Rava was plain in sight.

"Again I commenced my old routine, only feeling greater uneasiness than before, as I thought of the beautiful prisoner so near and yet so far from me, and I verily believe I should have lost my senses from brooding over my misfortunes, had I not made my escape from captivity.

"Watch over my movements had been gradually reducing until now I was left entirely to Kaloo, who frequently said he was guard over me, and I knew if there was any chance to escape, I could readily dispose of him.

"One morning I wended my way to my mountain lookout, as was my wont, when off in the horizon I saw something which at first I thought was the wing of a gull, but on steady examination I decided was the top-hamper of a vessel, and soon her topsails were plainly in view.

"I think I never made better time than I did that morning in coming down hill; but as I neared the palisades, my better judgment prevailed, and I walked into town with my usual listless step. Arriving at my hut, I leisurely directed Kaloo to put the sail and a calabash of water into the canoe, and prepare her for a day's shooting on the reef. I put some ammunition in my bag, and taking my musket, leisurely followed him.

"As I was doing nothing unusual, I attracted no attention when we pushed out from the landing, and hoisted our sail, and kept off for the point of the island where



the ducks were numerous. As we rounded the point, I saw the vessel was just in sight, and as we were only two miles from shore, I ventured to keep her going. We were now getting beyond the fowl, who kept nearer land, and I saw my companion began to grow restless; so pointing to quite a bunch of fowl that were outside of us, I steered for them. As we drew within easy shot, I fired. Hardly had I done so than Kaloo was over like a dog, and swimming for the game, while I, easing off the sheet, was going like an arrow for the vessel whose hull was now plainly in sight. In a moment I heard my companion utter a cry of rage, and then turn for the land with a stroke that I feared would only too soon take him there.

"I shouted and prayed, cried and laughed, and even raved, in the excitement of my thoughts with soon being free, which was not allayed much by looking astern, and seeing over the point the sail of the largest war canoe.

"As I drew within hail, I shouted that I was an escaped prisoner, and in the name of humanity begged them to receive me, which they did, I getting on board as the pursuing canoe came within five hundred yards of retaking me.

"Giving a hasty look, and seeing she was a trader, and all prepared for an attack, I sank on the deck in a swoon, and remembered nothing more until I found myself in a hospital in Sydney, when I learned that we had been attacked by the natives, and that I had fought like a tiger; that after the battle I had been seized with a brain fever, which lasted all the time the captain was trading at other islands, and had then laid for months in a comatose state, barely taking enough sustenance to keep me alive, and that when I had spoken, it was to rave of a female juggler on a cannibal island.

"Upon my recovery I went to the American consul and stated my case; but while he sympathized deeply with my loss and cruel treatment, he treated my story of a captive female juggler in the Feejees as an hallucination of a disordered mind, and finally told me so in plain language, telling me the most he could do for me was to provide me a passage home.

"As I could persuade no one to credit my story, I finally shipped as a green hand on a whaler, and landed eventually in Paiti, where, hearing of the California gold mines, I worked my way up the coast, and after six years' vicissitude here, you find me what I am, and how I have fared."

As my friend told me his wonderful story, he walked the floor forward and back, and became so excited that I almost feared at times that his ill luck and want of nourishment had unsettled his reason, but trusted that a few weeks of regular life would restore the balance of his mind, and as it was late, I prepared a bed on an old lounge that was in my room for him.

In the morning, with his consent, I went off to the bankers on the corner, and telling them that Seymour was there and all broken down, they very readily offered me one hundred dollars as a loan to set him on his feet, which I thankfully accepted for him, and in an hour afterwards you would never have recognized the fine-looking man in the new suit of clothes, as the distressed looking wretch of the day before.

As soon as he was decently attired, he started forth to look for employment, coming home that night to say he had secured a bookkeeper's place at liberal wages in a grocery store, to commence the next week. Congratulating him on his success, we strolled around the streets for a short time, and then went back to bed.

The next afternoon, as I had some fever on, I remained in the house; and Seymour went out for a stroll, I thinking if he left me alone I could sleep some.

He had not been gone an hour, when he rushed back in terrible excitement, and dropping into a chair, exclaimed, "I have seen him!"

"Seen him! Seen who?" I asked.

"Seen Darnsford, the villain that left me with the cannibals," was the excited answer.

Sure that his wits were astray, I asked him to be cool, and tell his story.

"I left here," he said, "without any definite intention as to how or where I would go, and strayed into a place on the Plaza called the 'Bella Union,' to see if there were any miners there that I was acquainted with; and as I stood in the entrance, who should come in but Captain Darnsford, dressed finely, and in company with several gentlemen! I remained quiet, and as he did not notice me, I thought I would listen to their conversation. After chatting a few moments on minor topics, he said, 'Well, gentlemen, I shall expect you to lunch on the Belle Blonde at five this afternoon, and till then, as I must go aboard the ship, I will say *au revoir*.' And touching his hat politely, he left. I was about to follow, when one of his friends said, 'What a pleasant man, and how rich he must be, to own the vessel and cargo.' 'Yes,' replied another, 'it is all his own, for I went with him to the custom house to enter her this morning, and saw his papers. He said he had come on a venture, and put every dollar he had in the world in her, and after he had disposed of the cargo was going to sell the vessel, and retire from business, after taking a trip to the Sandwich Islands.'

"'Splendid fellow.'

"'Yes, and splendid vessel; clipper A 1, and new.'

"I waited to hear no more, but rushed here for your advice."

"Seymour," I said, as conviction of his sanity came over me, and his excitement transmitted itself to me, and made me forget fevers and everything else, "come along with me." And grasping my hat, we pushed across the square to the courthouse, where we met Sheriff Jack Hays leisurely coming down stairs, picking his teeth.

"Come along, colonel, here's work for you."

And with this salutation I made for Judge Broderick's chamber, where being acquainted, I introduced Seymour, and bade him make his complaint, which he readily did, and the judge, sending for the United States marshal, he soon came, and receiving a warrant to arrest Captain Darnsford of the clipper ship Belle Blonde, swore in the redoubtable sheriff and myself as his special deputies to serve the warrant.

As it was now nearly five o'clock, the time he received his friends on his ship, we took a boat at the wharf, and were soon going up the accommodation ladder at the side; and landing on the deck were met

by a grinning darkey, who, supposing we were some of the guests, invited us below. But on Hays telling him we must see the captain at once, as he had some important business with him, he dived below, saying, "Massa Cap'en don't like to be 'sturbed 'fore dinner."

In a few moments a tall gentlemanly looking man appeared, and said, "what can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"I am Sheriff Hays," my comrade said, "United States special deputy marshal, and I have a warrant for your arrest for some little infraction of the laws, revenue or something. But as I understand from your nigger that you had company to dine with you, there is no great hurry, after dinner will do as well; and as you may want bail, which, of course, is a matter of form, perhaps we had better wait."

As the officer began his arrest, the captain turned pale as a sheet, and then as dark as a thunder cloud; but as he finished, treating the affair so lightly, the captain's brow cleared, and he said, frankly, "I am sorry I have broken, unintentionally, of course, any law, and it would inconvenience me greatly to leave my friends before dinner; if you and your friend"—"Mr. Brevit, my assistant," interposed the polite sheriff—"would be pleased to dine with us; we shall be pleased to have a glass of wine together over my mistake." And so saying, he preceded us to the cabin, where Hays, who appeared to be well-known to all assembled there, was greeted with surprise.

After explanations were made by the captain, we sat down to as fine a dinner as I ever saw, and I must say no one enjoyed it better than the captain did, on whom the cares of this life seemed to hang lightly enough.

After our champagne was over, we all took the ship's boat, and being landed, made our way to the judge's private office. We found him deeply interested in a book, and Seymour half asleep in a chair in a corner.

"Well, judge, what is all this arrest about?" said the captain, with some bluster.

"Not much," was the answer; "here is a certain William Seymour, who charges you with selling him into captivity at the Feejee Islands, and stealing the vessel and cargo of which you were master, and he was supercargo and owner."

As the judge said this, Seymour raised himself from his seat, and coming forward, confronted his runaway captain, who turned so white I thought he would swoon; but by a mighty effort he recovered himself, and said, with a curse, "I hoped you would have made a meal long ago, and thought you had been eaten by cannibals, as you hadn't crossed my wake since—"

In his excitement he spoke too much, and now cut himself short when it was too late, and a sardonic grin from the sheriff at his committing himself so easily had brought him suddenly to his senses.

"Then there is something in all this," said the judge. "I must commit you without bail, as Mr. Seymour wants me to wait for him to produce his evidence. But for your unlucky admission and appearance of fear when you were confronted by your accuser, I should have accepted small surety for your appearance; but now I shall accept nothing."

As the judge said this, I had no idea that he was do-

ing it as a trap to commit the accused into a confession, and produce a settlement; but so it was, and the villainous captain fell into it.

"Is there no way this can be arranged?" he pitifully said.

"You confess it is so, as I have sworn?" demanded Seymour, sternly.

"I didn't mean to leave you at the islands, but was forced to by the crew," was the whining answer.

"I think you will return every penny of it," Seymour gravely said. Then calling me one side and conversing for a few moments with me, I agreeing entirely with all he said, he turned again to the miserable wretch before us, and said, "If you make me a legal transfer of the ship *Belle Blonde*, with all her appurtenances as she now lies, and a clear bill of sale of cargo, I will agree never to prosecute you, and I will give you ten minutes to decide in; and if you refuse, I shall leave you with the officer; for I found you with nothing, consequently every cent you have is made from what you stole from me, and I am going to have it for indemnity."

For seven or eight minutes the villain twisted and turned, but as his time expired the sheriff produced a pair of handcuffs, and ostentatiously began to unlock them. You ought to have seen what an assistance to his mind the bracelets were, for he moodily said, "Take the property; I suppose you would get it in the long run, and I might as well be free as behind grates."

No sooner had he uttered this, than the judge, producing the vessel's case of papers, which it appeared he had obtained from the custom house during our absence, began at once to fill a blank bill of sale of the vessel, and having done so, proceeded with a bill of sale of the cargo, according to the entry that had been made.

In twenty minutes from the time the acceptance was made, the transfer was effected, and the custom house deputy collector, who had been induced to remain long after business hours, had taken the documents to his office for record. While he was gone, Seymour requested the late captain to write a letter of introduction to the new officers of the vessel, which he begged piteously to be let off, finally agreeing to introduce us, in person. And as the papers, duly recorded, were handed us from the custom house, we bade good day to the polite judge, telling him we would call in the morning and make a settlement with him, and that with his permission, which he readily granted, the charge against Captain Darnsford was withdrawn.

During all these proceedings, the friends of the captain had been perfectly silent, but now they broke forth.

"You mean contemptible skunk, what do you mean by cavorting round as you have?"

"Kick him!" shouted another.

"Steamboat him out of town," the next said. And there seemed for a moment that there would be serious trouble.

But the sheriff who had accompanied us, said, "Steady, gentlemen; this man must go aboard the vessel and complete this business, otherwise you interfere with the injured man, and I must protect both."



For Jack Hays to speak protection, was sufficient safeguard for any one; for he certainly had a neat trick of enforcing the law with a dexterous pistol shot that generally carried full conviction of the earnestness of his remarks. So the principal merchant said, "All right, Hays, we only feel mad at the skunk in taking us in so, and we will leave you to finish the work, and will wait on the gentleman on the vessel to morrow at two, to purchase the cargo; that being what called us here to-day." And bidding us good-evening, they left us to go our way.

We soon found the ship's boat, and were quickly off in the stream; and going on deck were met by the second officer, who was directed by the captain to call the chief mate and others as quickly as possible. And they having come on deck, he gravely introduced Mr. Seymour as owner of the whole. Somewhat surprised, they looked around to find the meaning of it, and were still more perplexed to hear Seymour say, "Order the boat again, mate, and land the captain."

"You do not mean to land me as I am?" said the unfortunate man. "I must get my clothes and private things from my cabin."

"You have no private things on *my* ship," said Seymour, with savage emphasis on the word *my*. "And you had better start at once."

"I haven't a five-dollar piece in the world with me; my money is all below," shrieked the miserable man.

"Just so; I hadn't a cent when you landed me; and so we are even. But, captain, you are making yourself ridiculous with your crew."

"Curse your soul!" he muttered, as he passed over the side into the boat. "If I catch you ashore we'll have it out man for man."

"Start along, or I'll kick you," said Seymour. And rather helping the unfortunate man over, as the boat disappeared, he told the officers and crew, who were now all assembled, and to whom the affair seemed strange, that the vessel and cargo had been stolen from him by the rascally captain, who had left him with the cannibals to perish, but from whom he had escaped, and now reclaimed his own.

Three hearty cheers followed the explanation, and we then went below. There for an hour we examined the captain's stateroom, finding among other things over five thousand dollars in gold. The vessel was fitted gorgeously, and Seymour was now rich enough.

It would be needless to say that he gave me command of her at extra wages, and that after selling the cargo, which brought him over two hundred thousand dollars, the owner, in whose sanity I began to believe, fitted her for a second trip to the Feejees, to redeem his promise, and deliver the fair juggler to freedom.

The week before we sailed I took up the "Daily Ingot," and read in its columns:

"MURDER AT THE BELLA UNION.—A man was shot in a fracas at the Bella Union last night, who lately came here in command of a splendid clipper ship, of which he was the owner. He was arrested, on a grave charge—which we cannot learn—and transferred the vessel and cargo at once to new owners. The transfer must have been a *bona fide* one, as he has been loafing

round dead broke ever since; and last night, intimating to a man in the notorious saloon on the Plaza, that his mother was of canine origin, received a pistol shot in the head, killing him instantly. The murderer escaped."

"So ends Darusford," I said.

Although I had never commauded anything better than a whaling barque, I felt entirely confident that I was fully qualified to enter on my new position, and accordingly relinquished the room I was "ranching" in. Any one in San Francisco who was unable to pay the high prices demanded for boarding, kept bachelor's hall, or "ranched," a custom then very much in vogue among single men, or those without families.

Having transferred my traps to the ship, and mailed a letter home to my family, telling them of the sudden change in my fortunes, I was all ready to begin my new duties, and so duly installed myself in my pleasant stateroom.

The cargo sold, we decided that it was better to sail in ballast for Melbourne, where we could purchase a freight suitable for trading, to better advantage than where we were, so we called the crew to come aft, and telling them our new destination, gave them liberty to continue the voyage or not, as suited them best. About half decided to leave, among whom were all the officers, for which I was not sorry, as I thought there might be many invidious comparisons and perhaps disaffections among them, owing to the sudden change in the command. That being settled amicably, we proceeded to fill their places with such men as we could find.

At this time there were many like myself, who finding they could not stand the hardships of the mines, had returned to the city, and were now gaining a precarious living by lumping on the wharves, and from among whom it was an easy matter to supply the places of those who had left, so that in twenty-four hours I had as fine a crew of able seamen as ever trod the deck of a vessel, as well as some thorough seamen for my officers.

Seymour was in feverish impatience while we remained in port, sparing no money to hasten matters and supply us for the voyage. So one noon I told him to go with me to the custom house and get our papers, for we could sail in the morning; and at sunrise the following day, our crew were heavingshort, the chanty-man singing in lively tones:

"The bottle O, the bottle O!  
'Tis all about the bottle O!  
So early in the morning,  
The sailor likes his bottle O!"

As my musical bump was always of the Quaker sort, I could never tell anyone the particular air they sang it to; but it seemed very lively, all joining in heartily as they sang:

"It's a bottle of rum, a bottle of gin,  
And a bottle of good brandy O!  
So early in the morning,  
The sailor likes his bottle O!"

When we were fairly underway, the sails drawing well, I thought, after so palpable a hint, that it was no more than right to call all hands aft and splice the main brace to the success of the voyage, which they did with entire heartiness.

In beating out of the harbor of San Francisco, much judgment is to be used on approaching the entrance; but as I had made the passage several times in whalers, my first trip being in 1841, as second mate of the *Junia-ta*, going to California for fresh beef, and finding a dull sleepy Spanish town, the principal amusements of the inhabitants being horse-racing and cock-fighting, I considered myself a fair pilot; so giving the helmsman his orders, and conning the ship myself, I kept her jogging.

The man at the wheel seemed strangely familiar when I shipped him, but for the life of me I could not place him anywhere; he was a gaunt countryfied-looking chap, with coarse red hair and mustache, and with a regular downeast twang to his speech, preserving the idiom of the Yankee in all its purity.

When I inquired before shipping him, if he had ever made a voyage before, he said, in reply, "I guess as haow Elnathan Peters and me hev run a schewner 'baout enuff times from Portland to Cuby, kerrying scoots and fetchin' treacle, for me to say I hev."

As he seemed honest, I shipped him as an able seaman, and now, on going down the bay, I found him to be as fine a helmsman as ever took his trick at the wheel.

As we drew near the most critical place, I shouted: "Stations for stays! ready about!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer, and at the same instant our ship's nose came up into the wind, stuck for a moment, and then, for some unexplained cause began to fall off.

"Good heavens, Seymour! she has missed stayed, and in two minutes will be on the rocks!" I shouted.

At this instant the owner, who was standing near, sprang to the wheel, knocked the helmsman down, and said, excitedly:

"No time for explanations; boxhaul her!" grasping the spokes as he spoke, and making them fly round.

"Hard down the helm! Light up the headsheets and slack the lee braces! Raise tacks and sheets!" I cried energetically.

The ship answered beautifully by coming up into the wind and losing headway, and I gave the order to "square the yards! Brace the headyards sharp aback, and slack up the jib sheet!"

For a moment I doubted the success of the manœuvre, but my fears were soon relieved by the vessel's rapidly getting stern way. As she began to pay off, the mate and men seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, kept the sails lifting and squaring in the headyards to a second of the right time.

As the wind began to draw on the other bow, I shouted:

"Haul aft the jib sheet, and brace the after-yards sharp up!"

All hands worked together like a machine, and the vessel acting as though endowed with reason, came to the wind, as I cried, exultingly, "Brace up the headyards, and haul taut the weather braces!"

Seymour, anticipating my order to him, met her with the helm, and as we bowled off, I could hardly refrain a hysterical laugh at having so narrowly escaped destruction on the rocky lee shore, now quickly receding from us.

"Why did you knock that man down, and why was the reason she missed stays?"

I asked Mr. Seymour, Yankee-like, two questions in one, and he relinquished the wheel to the man whom the second mate sent to relieve him.

"One answer for both," he replied; "I chanced to glance at the lubber, and saw him ease her off a couple of points, and I thought intentionally; but as there was no time for comments, I took his place at once, and we got out of it as it were by the skin of our teeth."

As he said this, the fellow whom he had so uncere-moniously knocked down, and who was sitting stupidly on deck, resting against the bulwarks, rose sluggishly, and declared with tears in his eyes that he made a slip, and before he recovered himself it was too late.

"No more slips," said the mate, as he roughly kicked him forward, "or you'll find there is an unlucky way of standing on your toes, taking great interest in your thumbs that are lashed up in the rigging, and having a piece of inch rope make a slip on your back."

At this gentle insinuation, our downeast treacle drogher dove forward, the seaboot of the mate following quickly in his rear, and as he carromed on the galley, he uttered a howl of anguish.

Forward, he received no better treatment, as sailors are always down on anyone who ships under false representations; but as the fellow took everything in good part, having a quaint answer for all, he soon got out of his little persecutions with better grace than many an abler one would have done for half the carelessness.

We were now fairly underway, and as the breeze was a wholesale one, we cracked on the dimity, and we were soon going off at speed that satisfied even our impatient owner.

Nearly two months later, our fine clipper dropped anchor off Melbourne, and a steam tug, with her British majesty's colonial revenue officers on board, made good time toward us.

As we were prepared to buy our cargo for barter on the cash system, it did not take us many days to transform the ship into as fine a trader as ever visited the port, and after getting our cargo of notions, with plenty of small arms, eight carronades and two swivel eighteen pounders, externally, we presented an appearance more suggestive of the skull and crossbones than that of a peaceful vessel.

Having no friends to take leave of, we parted from the merchants of whom we made our purchases, with few tears on our side, and were fairly off for the Fee-jees, amusing ourselves on the passage with making an excellent boarding-netting, which we finished as we sighted the islands late one afternoon.

Everything had gone along smoothly, and as I was something of a tactician, I had drilled our crew of twenty in the great gun exercise, until they had acquired a degree of expertness that I calculated would astonish the natives if occasion called for it.



Under advice of Mr. Seymour, we made Rava our first port, and found we were in advance of the yearly trader by about three months. We were soon surrounded by canoes filled with natives thoroughly eager for barter.

"No hostages," said Seymour, to a big burly fellow who appeared to be chief; "and no humbug; if you want to trade, bring in your shell and wood, and if you want to fight, we can accommodate you."

I now had my last lingering doubts cast aside; for when Seymour inquired if there were any missionaries there, and being answered in the negative, asked if there were any white folks, we received the pleasing information, that the only one they ever had was a blacksmith who left many years ago; but that there was a strange woman who did queer things, living at Lanua, who in a short time was to be married to a son of the chief.

When Seymour heard this, I thought he would faint; but recovering, he asked why she married at all, and was told that the priests said she must, as they wanted her in the tribe.

Seymour had now regained his cheerfulness, and turning to me, said, "The fellow talking with me is my old servant, and though he does not recognize me, I do him; what freak has made him chief is beyond my knowledge, for I thought they would kill him for my loss."

"What! He Kaloo?" said I, loudly, looking with interest at the chief.

My question was somewhat unfortunate, for the native was watching every movement of our lips, and as I spoke his name, he immediately gave a loud yell, and recognizing Seymour, issued a few orders to the fleet of canoes, which drew off from the ship's side at once, and paddled quickly to the shore. As it was now near dark, the only thing we could do was to set a double lookout for any attack, and pass a sleepless night.

About midnight we heard a shout for assistance under the bobstay, and on looking there, found that our down-easter, who was always doing some clumsy action, was overboard. We soon had him on deck. He said, that having gone forward to relieve the watch, he had fallen asleep, and waked up to find himself in the water, though how he had got through the netting was a mystery. As he seemed all unstrung, we sent him below for the night, determined to be careful ere we trusted to his vigilance again.

Just before daylight there was a terrible noise and outcry on deck, followed by heavy blows and deep curses, and thinking we were attacked, I seized my pistols, and rushing up, found that Brother Jonathan was again in trouble, and this time it was serious. The mate, aided by several sailors, was holding him down on deck, while the prisoner, his speech free from all provincialisms, was cursing hard enough to take the tongue out of a bell.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Dickson?" I inquired, as I sprang into the melee.

"Trouble!" said the excited mate, as he knocked the head of the prostrate man hard enough on the deck to start the earlings; "trouble, sir! This man is either crazy, or a traitor; he has spiked a carronade, and I

caught him at another just in time to save the gun by knocking him over."

Directing the steward to bring some irons, we soon had the fellow secured beyond all question, and then instituted a strict examination of our arms; one gun was thoroughly spiked, while in the touchhole of another stuck a small rattail file, which, but for the timely blow of the mate, would have spoiled the use of it; and scattered near by, were a sufficient number of files to ruin our whole battery.

"This is a pretty go, Mr. Seymour," said I, as our owner made his appearance on the scene with a disturbed face.

"What is the meaning of it?" he asked.

"I'll know the meaning of it, and precious quick, too," I said, angrily, as I left the guns, and went forward to where our conspirator was lying prone upon the deck, ironed hand and foot, and lashed fast to the windlass.

As I approached, the rascal pretended to be delirious, but I grasped him savagely by the hair, determined to shake what little wit he might have into a sensible state.

"Don't hurt him," said Seymour, deprecatingly, thinking my roughness was a little too severe on a person in his situation.

As he spoke, the red locks, in the shape of a wig, came off in my hands, showing closely clipped black hair underneath. None can paint our astonishment at seeing the features of our Yankee develop into the countenance of Captain Darnsford, late owner and master of the Belle Blonde.

"I am the resurrection and the life," said Seymour, as the mystery about the man was solved; for his face had haunted me whenever I had looked at him, and even Seymour had the same impression at times; but the change in the color of the hair, and loss of the heavy beard he wore when I saw him, and which Seymour said he never was without, together with his successful mimicry of a nasal twang he never had omitted to assume, together with his reported death in the paper, had so removed him from my mind that he had palmed himself off on us successfully; but his attempts to get the ship into difficulty had signally failed.

The rascal, seeing he was discovered, said, sneeringly, "My little game is checkmated; but had I succeeded in spiking your guns, I think there would have been another side to my plot, for I would have remained my whole life with these natives could I have made a trade with them, and had the pleasure of seeing you killed and eaten. I blinded you by having my death published, but I'll balk you yet."

"You baulk us, will you? if you can make it convenient to do so before sunrise, you will save us the trouble of making a hangman's knot, for you'll swing at the yardarm at daybreak," I retorted.

"You dare not hang me!" he roared, pale with rage and excitement.

"Don't be uneasy; the morning will show you whether the little affair comes off or not," said I; and ordering no conversation with him, I directed the mate to gag him.

Such hard measures were necessary for our safety;

and turning coolly on my heel, the owner and I walked aft, leaving the fellow uttering fearful curses on our heads, and making all sorts of contortions as the mate proceeded to hermetically seal his mouth.

"Do you really mean hanging?" inquired Mr. Seymour.

"Hardly as bad as that; but I'll leave him in glorious uncertainty, and when we get ready to sail, offer him his choice between the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, or the chance of remaining among his blood relations."

"How true it is, that Kanakas neither love, fear nor hate you," mused Seymour, as we went below; "this man, in addition to his native habits, has all the baser traits of some white man who has them transmitted in his blood."

Having seated ourselves in the cabin, we formed a council of war, discussing for some time the probabilities of an immediate attack, but arriving at no definite conclusion. We finally decided to await for daylight to solve the problem, but when daylight did appear we had no time to devote to the detected villain.

As the golden sheen of the sun's rays began to glimmer over the water, we saw great activity ashore, and soon the canoes began to appear; but Seymour ordered them to keep off, only allowing six to come near at a time; so we soon had the chief and five others at the stern. For a long time they conversed earnestly together, and finally, our owner, turning to me, said:

"The chief tells me he is sorry he was mad yesterday, but that he is all over it now, and wants to be good friends and trade; they are the most treacherous men in the world, and I hardly know what to say."

"Tell him we will trade for a week with them, only allowing ten canoes to come near at a time, for we can take care of that number," I replied.

After some negotiation, the savages pleading for more time, the arrangement was effected, and barter began.

"There is something afoot," said Seymour, at the end of the first day, "for if they had not some plan to capture the vessel, they would not sell a canoe load of wood for almost nothing, as they do now, but be sharper in their bargains, and not try to throw us off our guard by professing such strong friendship."

"We'll try and be up with them; but if they will only keep on a few days at this rate, we'll fill the ship," I answered.

For a while all went smoothly, and the fourth afternoon trade was brisker than ever; but as Seymour attended entirely to that duty, I was amusing myself by scanning the shore closely with a spyglass, when I thought I discovered an unusual commotion on the beach, and calling the attention of Mr. Seymour to the point of interest, he said, "they are working at the identical spot where they kept their war canoes, and I doubt not are getting ready for an attack."

"All right! let them come," was my response.

If we did no more trading it was no serious matter, for the natives, in their attempt to blind us, had given us an immense quantity of tortoise shell and sandal wood, and if we did not get another pound, we had enough to make an excellent voyage, so we prepared to

leave at daylight by getting the ship ready for sailing and fighting.

It was a dead calm as the sun went down, or we should have started then; so regretting our inability to get under way, we remained on deck with all hands fully armed, waiting anxiously for daybreak.

Our suspicions of an attack were verified in the morning, for, instead of being surrounded at daybreak by a crowd of natives, clamorous for trade, we were left severely alone, not a canoe being visible. As there was a little breeze, we raised our anchor at once, and setting sail, squared the yards, and filled away immediately, and as we slowly fanned off shore, we began to congratulate ourselves on escaping a fight.

Not so with Seymour. He shook his head ominously, and said, "the end is not yet."

As our sails began to draw, and we got an offing, we heard a loud yell ashore, and looking back, saw seventeen large canoes leave a small bay and head for us. They appeared to be sailed carelessly, for only one was well trimmed, and that one overhauled us hand over hand, and was soon within hailing distance.

"It's the chief's canoe, and he is in it," said Seymour, as he hailed it, and entered into an exciting conversation. For some minutes this was kept up, and then Seymour said, "the chief is angry at our breaking faith with him, and says if we do not return and finish our stipulated trading, he will take our vessel away, and eat us all."

"Mr. Dickson," I said, to the mate, "fire a carronade about five yards in front of his dugout, and you, Mr. Seymour, tell him we send an answer."

Hardly had I spoken, when the deep reverberation of the heavy gun was heard echoing over the water, and the round shot with which it was charged was seen to bound over the canoes, and striking on the island, bury itself in the heavy green sward. As the report died away, and the savages received my message, the chief arose and fired a musket at us, the bullet whistling loudly as it passed over our heads, and a demoniac howl of rage arose from all, followed by the canoes in the distance heading at once for us, showing conclusively the ball was opened.

Seeing that none were hurt by the badly-aimed musket, I turned my attention to the rapidly approaching canoes. Our crew were all at their stations, and commenced firing and loading with the precision of veterans, the second discharge showing a diminution of one of the canoes. Hastily coming about on the other tack, we gave them our port battery; but before we could reload, the savages were upon us, spears, arrows and musket balls flying over us in wild profusion.

Every man was on the deck at once, and soon the villainous blockheads appeared at the boarding-netting. And now desperate work began; we were all armed with revolvers, and as their bodies showed above the rail we shot them down like birds.

The odds were against us, however, and it only remained for the natives to continue it to bring it to a successful conclusion, when our cook, assisted by the steward and cabin boy, rushed to the scene with dippers of boiling water. As the steaming liquid fell on the natives, they dropped with astonishing rapidity,



and before they were aware of it, Seymour, grasping the helm, put the vessel off, and she forged quickly ahead. As she did so, our men hastily trained the guns and fired. Four more of the canoes being sunk, attested the correctness of the discharge. As we now had the best of it, the remainder drew off at once, and the victory was ours.

"Three cheers for the cook!" roared the excited owner; and three as hearty cheers as ever men uttered were given with a will.

On examination, we found we had lost one man, killed by a spear, and several were wounded by stones. Congratulating ourselves on our escape, we turned our attention to the natives, and saw the uninjured canoes were in a group about a mile and a half off, while all around us the water was covered with dead and dying, the sharks feasting on their mangled remains.

"I mean to give these chaps a parting benediction," said Seymour, as he went about a swivel, and swinging it into position, sighted and fired.

As the smoke rose from its muzzle, the natives in the distance swung their paddles in the air, and made gestures of derision; but before they ceased their antics the ball, truly aimed, was among them, and to our delight it stove two of their canoes.

"Cleared the kitchen!" shouted our delighted owner, as he saw the success of his shot, and as he ran aft I kept the ship off, and was soon running down to the scene of disaster. As we approached, the survivors dove like ducks, in as many different directions as there were men, but descriing the chief, we singled him out and bore down for him. As we approached, he dove and attempted to double on us by rising to windward; but as we had the advantage he failed, and when he made a second attempt, one of our seamen, hastily tying a running bowline, and dropping it over his head and under his arms, sprang overboard, and as the chief rose to the surface, he was seized by our man and held firmly. Soon we had the sailor and his prize on deck.

"Men are but worms, and thou hast been,  
To me, a sort of bait,"

cried Seymour, gayly, as we secured our prisoner near the conspirator at the windlass.

"And now for Lanoa," said I, as we left the island with a spanking breeze.

In the afternoon we again sighted land, which proving to be our destination, we ran in and came to anchor. As it was near night, we ordered off all canoes until the next day.

That evening Mr. Seymour detailed his plan of rescuing the unfortunate woman ashore; and although I had many misgivings as to its success—deeming it extra hazardous—in lieu of anything better, I finally agreed to his project, promising, if it failed, to fire upon the natives as long as shot was left to use; and as the morning arrived before we had completed all details, we hastened to put it into execution.

As the canoes began to appear, we had our captive brought aft, and Seymour, showing him a loaded pistol, told him to tell the new visitors of the attack he made and the defeat he had suffered, all of his war fleet being demolished, and he a prisoner, and if he

said one word more he was a dead native; but if he gave a correct account, he would be liberated when we left.

The chief, having no alternative, stood on the quarter deck with Seymour beside him pressing the pistol into his back, and ordering him to proceed, and not intimating that their language was understood by us.

Our captive was thoroughly cowed, and gave a succinct account of the fight, and entreated the natives to trade freely with us, as his liberation depended upon it. Although we saw many scowls on their features as they listened to the narrative, they wanted to barter badly, and agreed to do so, and pay us a large ransom for the chief when we were ready to leave.

Having made our arrangements, our prisoner was returned to his former place of confinement, and business began.

In the afternoon Seymour stripped off his clothes, and we painted him with Spanish brown, soon turning him into a respectable looking Kanaka, even going so far as to give him a mark of India ink, striping him off with that pigment, until he made a fair representation of our checkerboard visitors. He then arrayed himself in the tappa of the prisoner chief, which we unceremoniously borrowed, and emerged from the chrysalis of a white man into a passable native. As soon as it was dark, I called for two reliable men to put him ashore, and having selected a couple from the dozen who offered their services, we lowered a small boat we had on deck, and taking Seymour's hand, bade him good-by with many painful forebodings for his perilous adventure.

As he glided off into the darkness I felt that I should never see my friend again, but I determined if anything happened to him, I would take summary vengeance on the natives, and show them the power of white men.

In about twenty minutes the boat was again alongside. I asked the men how they got ashore, and was told that they had landed the owner at a small point near where the canoes were hauled up, and after bidding them come every night at twelve o'clock, or, if anything suspicious in the attitude of the natives occurred, to take immediate vengeance, Mr. Seymour disappeared in the underbrush.

Slowly the hours passed away, and as morning advanced the natives came off clamorous for trade. I supposed everything had proved auspicious, so with a light heart I commenced business with signs, and tediously wore off the day in bartering.

At midnight I could restrain my impatience no longer, and getting into the boat, took an oar, and was soon quietly rowing to land. As we touched the shore I saw a figure glide quickly down from the underbrush, and as it approached I saw it was our venturesome owner. He got silently aboard, and without a breath we were soon heading back for the ship, which having reached, we went directly to the cabin to hear Seymour's account of his adventure.

For the first ten minutes after we were seated Seymour quietly pitched into the food that I had ready for him, while I waited impatiently, grudging every moment of delay before he made his report. But at last

hunger was appeased, and tipping back his chair, he said:

"It is all right, old fellow; my first trip was a success."

"Give the whole account, and tell me how matters stand," I replied.

"I landed," he rejoined, "and walking directly to the town, which I readily found by following the beaten path, saw a solitary guard at the entrance. Although he eyed me sharply, as he said nothing I passed boldly on, and made the best of my way to the village, soon reaching the building that was used for the theatre. Here I found two women who were evidently waiting for their dusky swains, so I pretended to be drunk with their infernal cava, and said I was going to the house of the strange woman, where I was to meet some one, and asked them to show me the way as I was sick. They were plainly glad to get rid of me so easily, and seeing my condition, they took me by the arms, and leaning heavily on them I walked tipsily along until we reached a larger hut than common, when, pointing to it, they released me, and as I fell heavily to the ground as though thoroughly intoxicated, they ran quickly away with noisy laughter and disparaging comments.

"I presume they took me for a native from the interior, for one of them asked me when I had come in, and if I knew that there was a big canoe with white men trading there, to which I grunted out some unintelligible reply.

"As soon as they were out of sight I regained my feet, and was quickly in the rear of the hut, and began to reconnoitre the inside, by making a hole in the basket-wall with my jackknife. At the door of the hut were three women asleep, while on one side the object of my search sat quietly reading an old book, by light of a lamp. Crawling carefully round to that point, I again made an aperture, and taking a long straw slightly tickled her neck to attract attention, hissing out at the same instant, 'Seymour,' and awaited developments. For some minutes she sat immovable; but glancing at her guards and seeing they were fast asleep, I again hissed, 'Seymour rescue!' As I said this the blood flushed to her face, and then retreating, left her as pale as marble. But she retained her composure, and yawning, said loudly in Kanaka, 'I will sleep.'

"At this, one of the attendants raised herself drowsily from the floor, and going to one corner of the room dragged a sailcloth mattress to the white woman, and arranging a couch, returned to her old position.

"The fair girl now fell on her knees in an attitude of prayer, and without a change of countenance said in English:

"If the white man who once visited this place is outside, make a noise like a cricket."

"As she said this, I gave a low chirrup.

"The hags who were watching every movement of their prisoner, appeared to be suspicious at the unusual noise, but as I remained perfectly motionless, they soon again composed themselves, cycling their charge with strict attention.

"Be under no apprehension," said the lady; 'I am accustomed to say my prayers every night in English.

Now go to the theatre, a short distance from here, and in the little room off the stage you will find one wall has a double thickness of canvas; get behind it and wait for me. Go now, for if I talk too long they will suspect me.'

"I waited no longer, but crawling carefully off, got into the shadow of a neighboring hut, and then watching for a few moments to see if I was observed, rose and walked quickly off.

"Every sense in me seemed sharpened. I found the theatre readily, and making sure no one was around, I boldly entered, and made my way to the little room. After searching for some time, I decided the double wall faced the doorway, and cautiously striking one of the wax tapers from the box which I carried, my judgment was verified, and observing the door was fastened at the side, soon got behind it and secured my passage-way. Finding a number of calabashes of water, it seemed as though the poor girl had evidently arranged the place for a concealment if driven to necessity—for although it was only a little over a yard wide, she had many things stored there for comfort.

"Feeling very tired, I laid down and soon was fast asleep, not awaking till long after sunrise. When I did arouse I made a hole so as to look on the stage, and then one outside, giving me a nice view of the town all day, quietly wearing the time away, reflecting how differently the natives would act if they knew what a prize was within their reach.

"Slowly the hours passed, and finally the savages, returning from the vessel to their deserted town, showed me that everything had gone along smoothly aboard, especially as the natives all showed the gaudy cloths and trinkets to each other which they had obtained from you, telling in vivacious language the terms of their trades, and expressing much gratification at the liberality of the traders.

"The last rays of the sun had disappeared, when I heard voices in the hall, and soon the building I was in was a blaze of light; but before I was aware of it, the curtain was opened, and before me stood the beautiful sorceress, holding a finger to her lips to indicate silence.

"I am alone here; but as soon as the performance is over, my guards, who are widows of priests and of great importance, will join me, and assist me to replace my apparatus before going back, and what plans we have to make must be done now. But how came you here?"

"I escaped, went to California, got a large ship, and came here for you; the ship is near their landing," I answered.

"Thank God," she ejaculated, fervently. 'I was afraid you had just escaped, and now came here to fulfil your promise of assistance.'

"I am all prepared to carry you away as soon as I can get you off; but how can we escape?"

"Can you induce your guards to walk to the beach this evening and see the ship?" I inquired.

"If they thought I knew there was a vessel here, they would carry me to the mountains for a while, as they have done before," she sadly replied.

"Can you dress yourself like a native girl?" I asked.



" 'Is there no other way to escape than that?' she said.

"In a second it flashed across me that I myself was in the semi-nude state I was so coolly proposing to her; and if my feelings showed through my Spanish brown, I think I must have looked warm, just then, as I was proposing to her to wear my style of dress, which certainly was scant enough for warm weather.

"For a few moments she looked puzzled, and then raising her eyes to mine, said with the most beseeching look I ever saw, 'if you can get another man to assist you, I have a way to escape.'

" 'I can procure assistance readily; name the plan at once,' I answered.

" 'When I go on the stage,' she replied, 'I will announce that the next night but one will be the last show I give before my marriage with Kui Kaa, the oldest son of the chief, and you must be in this same place with a friend. I will bring my guards in here with the robes that I will prepare for them to wear; and while I am performing, you must secure them, assume their dress, lead me from the stage home, secure the old woman there, and then we will arrange my escape; but it must be done then, for the priests come every day to see if I am secure.'

"Hazardous as the plan seemed, I was forced to adopt it in lieu of a better one. I pressed her hand cordially, and then returned to my place of concealment, while she proceeded to the footlights and made her opening bow to her savage audience, who were now clamorous for her appearance. From their frequent applause, I judged that familiarity with her legerdemain had removed the awe and superstition with which she had first been clothed, and that they now only viewed her feats of prestidigitation in the same light that more civilized audiences do, and was determined to incorporate her in the tribe by marriage, so as to secure beyond a doubt such a talented addition to their numbers, and also release the keepers from guarding her continually.

"At last the show was over, and soon the place was cleared. After wasting an hour I judged it prudent to leave, and walked boldly out. After wandering round for some time, I struck the avenue to the gateway, passed the guard without a query, and waiting a short time at the rendezvous, was taken off without delay, as you know."

After Seymour had given his long account, he coolly asked me to return with him the next evening. Although I could not help feeling amazed at his request, still with all of his reckless bravery in visiting the captive, there was method in his daring, and I consented to join him, with certain death staring me in the face if discovered.

"I knew you would not go back on me at this moment," he said, "and so to-morrow we will arrange for our trip; I shall turn in now."

As it was about two o'clock in the morning, we went to our staterooms for a nap.

The next day trading went off smoothly enough, but in the course of the morning we got a native to go and catch us a canoe-load of fish, as we wished to use them as our pretence for being late when we went to the village that night.

When our fisherman returned, we succeeded, with some extra presents, in obtaining the tappa cloth that he wore for a dress, and all the savage finery he was adorned with. Having procured my costume for the masquerade, we dismissed him, rejoicing over the fine things that we gave him in exchange. Then, leaving the deck to the mate, we went below to prepare for the adventure ashore.

We finally dressed, and though the Quakers are extremely simple in their attire, I can assure the respectable society of Friends, that the Feejeeans can give them odds any day, for the latter wear next to nothing.

When we had disguised ourselves as well as paint and ink could aid us, we sat down and had a good laugh at our comical appearance; and then concealed in our tappas, gags, handcuffs, and two revolvers each, intending to use them only as a last resort. Having completed our arrangements, we waited for ten o'clock to arrive, when our mate landed us, and having handed us our fish, he pushed off, and disappeared in the darkness, leaving us to our fate.

Seymour cut a stick from the underbrush, and slinging our fish on it we travelled in silence, my companion taking the lead. After walking for a few moments at a brisk pace, he turned to me and said, "We are now coming to the guards; if you utter a word we are lost; all depends on your silence."

The next moment we approached a huge bamboo wall. Somehow my heart rose in my throat, and I fully appreciated my position. What if the natives were to discover us? The thought of making a broil or roast for some cannibal, home, friends and society, and the position I would be in if accosted, intruded itself on me despite my will, and I hastily wished myself back in San Francisco, dead broke on the Yuba, in short, anywhere but just where I was. But there was little time for reflection, as we were now in sight of a hideous looking native on guard at a small gateway, through which we immediately passed, Seymour making a short reply to the query of the keeper of the gate as he stood aside to let us in, and in a few minutes we were concealing our load under a heap of leaves near a neighboring hut.

Without a word we passed quickly on, several times brushing by natives but making no answers to the remarks they made, till we arrived at a large hut, where at a signal from Seymour we paused.

After my comrade had given a hasty look around, he drew me into the entrance, and whispering to me to put my hand on his shoulder and follow him, walked quickly forward. The place was as dark as midnight, but by taking great care, I managed to keep along without any noise, and we were soon clambering up what I judged to be the stage, and in a moment were secure in the retreat he had described the night before.

Now that we were effectually concealed I felt much easier, for I knew as long as we remained there we were beyond danger. After we were comfortably arranged, we agreed to take turns sleeping, lest by any unlucky snore we might rouse the jealousy of some passer-by. As I was too excited with the novelty of my situation to sleep I took the first watch, and my friend was soon in the "land of Nod," where I left him to remain for

several hours. Finally, the novelty of my position wearing off, and beginning to feel drowsy myself, I waked him, and was soon oblivious of all cares.

When I opened my eyes it was long after sunrise, and finding the time hanging heavy on our hands, Seymour produced a pack of cards and lead pencil, and then, by the light from several small holes that we made, we began a quiet game of cribbage, and many a low chuckle we uttered, as we thought of the sensation it would create if some of the natives caught us. There we remained all day, counting out fifteens, pairs and sequences, as gravely as though in the ship's cabin.

At last we had worn the day away, and the time for action was approaching. Soon we could distinguish through the texture of the canvas that the outer hall was a blaze of light, and footsteps were heard in the little room, from which only a thin curtain of duck concealed us.

Soon after the room was lighted, we heard another footfall, and the curtain was opened. For a second I thought I was discovered; but as my eyes grew accustomed to the sudden glare of light, I saw before me the most beautiful woman I ever beheld; of medium stature, with golden hair, that hung in wavy tresses around her neck and waist, deep blue eyes that seemed to magnetize you; pouting lips with pearly teeth, the purity of which was only rivalled by the clearness of her complexion.

At first I really thought a fairy was before us, and remained motionless as she said in low tones:

"I have told the chief that this is my last appearance before I marry his son, and that my guards must wear the robes I have provided from some dresses of mine; remain in this room during the performance, utter no sound while here, and speak not to any one until tomorrow, or a great calamity will occur to the nation. He believes it, and has instructed the women accordingly, and when I bring them in here, I will place them back to you. In my first trick I shall count three and fire a pistol; at the word three you must secure the women, and during the excitement that follows my tricks, assume their costume, and when the performance is over I will give each an arm and lead you off."

There was no time for comments, so we loosened the bottom of the canvas, each drew a revolver, and applying our eyes to the small holes we had ventured to make in the curtain, watched the proceedings.

In a few moments the beautiful conjuror returned, leading two old crones who wore long cloaks of black cloth with hoods to them, and a strip of cloth in front of their faces, with holes for eyes. She then seated them back to and nearly against our curtain, and then we heard a bell ring, and she left us to begin her performance in the same style as though she was going on the boards of a theatre in a civilized country.

For some minutes she addressed her audience in their own language, and then we heard a noise as if she were making preliminary arrangements. Then her voice rang out, "Prepare! one! two! three!" and her pistol exploded with a loud report.

As she said "prepare," Seymour and I stooping down, took hold of our canvas curtain, raised it over our heads, and as the sharp explosion followed her count,

using our revolvers as clubs, they fell with no light force on the crowns of the women before us, and as they fell without a groan or noise, the crowd in front of the stage made the hall ring with noisy demonstrations of applause at the probable success of the trick in front, little deeming what a tragedy we were enacting in the rear.

The prostrate women were insensible; but to prevent any mistake, as soon as we had removed their costumes, we gagged them, and handcuffing them together back to back, rolled them into the hiding-place, and fastening it down, assumed their disguise and position.

At length the show was ended, and the pretty performer came in at the doorway. So statue-like did we sit, that she concluded we had failed in our attempt, and that the old women still remained in their places. As she looked at us the color fled from her face, leaving it ashy pale, and she assumed a terrified air, beautiful in its alarm.

Fearing she would faint, I made a slight motion with my head; her self-possession returned at once, and motioning us to take her arm, we passed out to the stage.

Her dusky audience still remained, and as we moved down some rude stairs from the platform to the floor, and made our way out by the natives, I was fearing every step we made, that some one of the sharp-eyed savages would discover the transposition; but so well disguised were we with our long robes and covered heads, that we passed them without suspicion, and were soon in the open air.

A slight sob escaped our fair companion as we emerged from the hut, but with a composed mien she still moved on, and in a few minutes led us into a hut which I recognized from Seymour's description to be her abode. Here an old hag who was crouching in a corner arose, and coming forward, proceeded to assist me in disrobing.

As she turned her back to Seymour, I saw him raise his arm, and the butt of his pistol descended on her cranium with a sickening thud, and the poor victim sank to the ground without a quiver. The blow was a terrible and sure one, killing her outright. Looking round, I saw the young lady falling to the earth in a deep swoon, caused by the horrid sight before her.

For a time she remained unconscious, but she finally recovered herself, and aided by a dose from the flask of brandy which Seymour had thoughtfully brought, regained with presence of mind her strength. While she was unconscious, and Seymour attending to her, I had hidden the body under a lot of banana leaves. As soon as she was fit to talk, the question of immediate escape was proposed.

The last native appeared to be out of the streets, and as the village was quiet, we determined, as it was near twelve, to make the proposed attempt for freedom at once; so putting the third robe on our charge, and removing the crape from our eyes, we decided that the safest way was the boldest, and started immediately for the gateway.

As we approached the guard at the outlet, Seymour said, "I will attend to his call; you defend the lady."



Nodding assent to my whisper, and cocking my revolver, I fell behind.

When the guard spoke, Seymour must have made an unsatisfactory reply, for as he drew near to inspect us, our leader struck him a terrible blow between the eyes with his pistol butt, and in a minute we were outside of the wall, running for our rendezvous at a rapid rate.

Everything so far had favored us, and I was congratulating myself on our success, when I saw a party of four natives in front, getting ready to oppose our progress. There was now no time to parley, so with one impulse we raised our revolvers, and three natives immediately fell dead in their tracks when we fired. The survivor, uttering hideous yells, fled from us like a deer, making for the town. The report of our firearms, together with the prolonged howls, immediately produced a commotion inside the walls.

Knowing that their first thought would be that they were attacked by some of their vigilant enemies, and that in rushing to the entrance to defend it they would meet the fellow we had missed, we tore on at a killing pace. Perceiving the lady faltering, and as there was no time for ceremony, I took her in my arms and flew on at my utmost speed.

As we neared the beach we heard the mate hail, and making for his voice, I laid my burden in the stern sheets of the boat, and with a tremendous effort we got the boat off, jumping aboard just as a tawny savage laid his hand on the gunwale. A flash in my eyes, a report in my ears, I saw the intruder lose his grasp, and fall a limp carcass in the water; and on glancing around, saw our escaped captive with a pistol in her hand, and wreaths of smoke floating around her. Seymour and I instantly seized an oar, and lent our aid to the mate, and as we did so the lady said, "I brought my conjuror's pistols, and one has aided."

With a nod of approval at her firmness in such a critical moment, we redoubled our efforts, as we heard the paddles of a hundred canoes strike the water.

As we approached the ship, a port fire blazed up, lighting the water all around, showing our position as clear as day. Seeing there was only one canoe that had taken the right course and was likely to overhaul us, as our boat came alongside the ship, I dropped my oar and raising my heavy navy Colt, took deliberate aim at a huge savage, who rose and poised a spear in his hand.

That bullet had its billet, for as I fired he quivered unsteadily a moment, and letting his weapon drop, after a feeble attempt to lurch it, sank unresistingly in the frail canoe, which upset at once with its shifted cargo.

In a moment more we had hooked on the falls, and were being rapidly hoisted on board by willing hands.

"This is the best day's work you ever did, captain," said our owner, as we stepped on deck.

"Let's get well out of the scrape before we rejoice, for the beggars will give it to us hot and heavy before they've done with us," I answered.

As the port fire was now dying out, I directed it to be renewed both fore and aft, and on each side, and kept up until daylight; but as there seemed to be no

prospect of an immediate attack, I followed Seymour to the cabin, where he had conducted his fair charge.

We had prepared a stateroom while in California, especially for the lady's use, if successful in her deliverance, and Seymour told her that he had anticipated she would lack suitable clothes, and hence had got the wife of a merchant in Melbourne to prepare a wardrobe for her, and that she would probably find everything requisite for her use in a certain trunk.

After an uncontrollable fit of weeping, the poor girl managed to offer thanks; but Seymour contrived to change the subject very neatly, by suggesting that she might want to retire for the night.

As he said this we bade her good-night, and then turned our attention to our own toilet.

"If I ever assume this infernal dress again, I trust I shall be condemned to wear it always," said Seymour, as we proceeded to wash the paint from our bodies, and resume Christian attire.

When I had completed my toilet, matters were about the same as when I went below. The natives were puzzled at our art in lighting up the harbor for a wide circle around us, remaining in their canoes just outside the illuminated surface, uttering fearful howls at our good fortune in eluding them, but making no attempt to venture within range of our guns.

Daylight came at last, showing that we were surrounded by twenty-three large-sized canoes, all filled with men armed with spears and stones.

"Prepare for action!" I said, as we beheld the warlike array.

This time our guns were loaded with slugs, old nails, broken bottles, and everything that would scatter; yet I dreaded to open the attack, knowing what a wholesale slaughter would take place. But after getting our guns pointed, we prepared to leave as soon as we had a breeze. I feared it would be folly to continue in our peaceful attempts to escape, and was just thinking of sighting a gun, determined to effect all the mischief I could, when I saw a small canoe with two men in it, one waving a green bough, and the other paddling, coming directly for us.

The owner was on deck, and as the canoe came alongside, talked earnestly with the visitors for a long time. As soon as they had finished Mr. Seymour said:

"The chief sends us word that the strange woman is his, as he bought her from a big canoe like ours; but he will pay as much more for her as he first gave, and allow us to go away; but if we refuse, he will fight us. I have told the messenger we will consider the matter until the sun is half-way up the heavens, and will answer him then; but if I wish to reply before, I can call him up. Now I think that I had better let Kaloo go, and his story may, perhaps, aid in intimidating them."

The idea was not a bad one, so we let our prisoner go in the canoe that carried the answer back, giving no suggestions to him, as we knew anything we might say would be useless, and make the natives think we were frightened.

The savages set up a joyful shout as they saw our prisoner enter the canoe, but relapsed into sullen silence when it pushed off without the lady. When the

ambassador reached the flotilla, our late prisoner was carried to the largest canoe, which we concluded held the chief, and for some time talked excitedly, using many gesticulations, and pointing repeatedly towards us.

At last he sat down, and the chief addressed his followers for a short time; then the canoes separated, forming a ring around us, and appeared to be quietly awaiting our movements.

"I understand them," said Seymour. "They intend to wait until the sun is at the stipulated height, and then, unless we comply with their terms, attempt our capture. The cook had better get the water boiling."

"Water am all steaming, sar," grinned the cook.

As it was of no use to weigh anchor, and we were all ready, we hove short, if a breeze sprang up to sail, and quietly prepared for the approaching conflict.

At last the sun was in the zenith, and as we made no signs of capitulation, a ferocious yell was passed from canoe to canoe, and then they all turned toward us. As they did so, our guns rang out their loud reports, and at each broadside a canoe was shivered to pieces, horribly maiming and mangling its human freight. So unexpected to them was the terrible loss, that instead of closing on us, and making it a hand-to-hand conflict, they hesitated, and then withdrew for a short distance in confusion, giving us ample opportunity to swab out and reload our guns. Horrid imprecations came from their lips, echoed by wild lamentations from the beach crowded with women and children. Suddenly the cries of rage were changed to shouts of joy, and on looking up the harbor, we saw a large number of canoes hastening to join our enemies.

The sight was a discouraging one to us, for we now counted nearly a hundred canoes filled with men, and we knew that with such a force they could, by a determined dash, carry us by storm. Not a man of us, whose face did not blanch at the prospect before us. O, how we wished for a breeze! Our enemies immediately joined their new allies, but soon we saw a canoe with one man in it leave them, and paddle boldly for us.

"We can stand 'em one at a time, but it's the whole saboodle that we fear," growled our mate, as the canoe came swiftly under the counter, and its occupants sang out:

"Ship ahoy!"

The minute Seymour saw our visitor he cried out, "Whippey, as I am a sinner!"

"That's my name; but who are you that knows me?" asked the stranger, in a bluff voice.

"I was the blacksmith at Rava," was the answer. "It was touch and go, when you escaped, I heard; but what possessed you to come again and interfere with the natives?"

The story was quickly told, and then taking our visitor to the cabin, we showed him our fair captive. On seeing her, Whippey said:

"I saw you perform once, soon after you arrived, but I could not speak with you. I could do you no good, and would raise no false hopes in your heart. It was better to leave you in ignorance."

"How long will your people remain as they are, Whippey?" inquired Mr. Seymour.

"Until dusk, if I stay as long as that," he replied.

"Perhaps, then, the young lady will now favor us with her name and history," said Seymour. We were perfectly ignorant as to her antecedents, there being no time to hear her story; but now with Whippey as a hostage, we felt that it was a good time to hear her yarn, which she thus gave us:

"My father was a Boston merchant, and being out of health, was advised by our family physician to take a long sea voyage, which he did, with myself and an old English woman for a servant, in a barque bound to Australia. My parent's name was Carlton, and he was in the Australia trade.

"Father had always been very fond of prestidigitation, being a natural ventriloquist. He took his complete apparatus with him, thinking it would create amusement on the voyage. As he had frequently given amateur entertainments at home, during which I had always assisted him, and inheriting his taste for the art, as well as his ventriloquial powers, he often told me I excelled my teacher, and I seconded the proposal to carry the apparatus, with delight.

"When we arrived in Sydney, father was dying, his disease having made sad inroads on him, and three days after our arrival he quietly passed away. The captain of the vessel expressed great interest in me, and told me how lonesome it would be for me to be left there. So he advised me with the nurse to return to his vessel, and make the trip to the Feejees with him, from there to China, and thence home. The nurse was urgent that we should go, and when the consul suggested the pleasantness of making the home voyage with acquaintances, I gave up my grief and consented.

"When we arrived at this island, the captain had a long conference with the chief, and at the mate's suggestion I performed several sleight-of-hand tricks in the presence of the natives.

"Every day the captain went on shore, but finally he invited nurse and myself to go. As he appeared to go and come in a canoe as he pleased, we readily accepted the chance to break the monotony of the voyage, and also see something of natural life. After we got ashore, the natives were so kind and clever, we were easily induced to have our trunks landed so that we could remain a week.

"When our trunks were ashore, the captain urged me to give a magic entertainment, offering to return our passage money for the favor, saying it would put the natives in such terror that they would trade on far better terms, and he would profit very much by it. As he was so urgent, I agreed to it if I could have a large hut made into a theatre for me. They all set to work, and in a few days built the one you have seen.

"When it was done, my traps arranged and everything ready, even to being lighted with lamps, I gave them as fine an exhibition as I could. The next day I received a note from the captain, saying that there was a man sick with yellow fever on board, and it was imprudent for me to return until the case was over and



the ship fumigated. And in our innocence we remained on shore for two weeks, the natives treating us with the greatest reverence imaginable.

"At last one day I saw a native coming towards me with a letter, and told nurse she must pack up, as the captain had now probably sent for us; and although the village was pleasant to us, still it was pleasanter to think we were going home.

"Who can paint my horror when I read in the note that the captain had sold us for a cargo of sandal wood and tortoise shell, and that his vessel had sailed when the note was sent! As I read the letter my servant fell dead in a paroxysm of grief, and here was I, an unfortunate girl of fifteen, left in the Cannibal Islands by the cruelty and perfidy of Captain Darnsford."

"Captain Darnsford!" "Captain Darnsford!" shouted both Seymour and I in one breath.

"Do you know him, gentlemen?" she inquired, with an astonished look.

"Wait one moment, Miss Carlton," I said. And quickly the mate and I hustled our prisoner below. The rascal did not seem to recognize the beautiful lady whom he had left a little girl there eight years before. But when I said, "is this the man, Miss Carlton?" a flash of recognition passed over both faces, showing it was mutual, though while the man had surprise in his face, the lady had disgust and terror depicted on her fair countenance.

Whippey, who had been a silent spectator, broke forth, "I'll be hanged if this isn't the half-breed whom Commodore Wilkes took away to educate; his father was a runaway sailor who died of excesses on the island. This fellow and I were interpreters to the Exploring Expedition. Send him on shore; the present chief has a grudge against him, and will pay heaps for him."

"Who is chief?" asked the conspirator.

"Hua-Hua-ma," was the answer.

As Whippey said this, the villain's knees fell from under him, and he fairly raved in his terror.

"I'll say this," cried our visitor, "I am under fearful oaths to tell the natives if this man ever visited the islands again; for at the time he left this girl here, he committed a fearful outrage on the sister of the chief. I advise you to let him fetch what he is worth, for I shall certainly inform he is here, and nothing will prevent the natives having him."

"Mr. Seymour," said I, "this scamp belongs here; he offended their laws, and has broken ours; let him go, take what reward you can, and give it to Miss Carlton for indemnity for her slavery."

"I'll do it—I will," said our owner. "Whippey, go off and make the best negotiation you can for us. I'll pay you in cloth and tools for your trouble. It is better than fighting."

"All right, my hearty," said that worthy, and entered his canoe and paddled off. In about twenty minutes the large canoe with the chief came alongside, and Whippey said the chief wanted to see the prisoner before negotiating. As soon as he put eyes on the captain, he nodded emphatically, and Mr. Seymour then bargained for all the articles belonging to Miss Carlton, with a tremendous lot of shell, beside immunity from

fighting, and in exchange for which we gave up the miserable half breed native.

Their part of the contract was fulfilled to the letter, and we made the heart of Whippey glad, by giving him nearly a hundred assorted articles of value.

Two days afterwards we weighed anchor, and started for China, our forecastle poet singing:

"Turtle steak and turtle brilo,  
Turtle hash in every style,  
Then grease your hair with turtle ile,  
When in the Feejees trading.

We sold them powder their flasks to fill,  
'Tis contract stuff and will not kill,  
At forty yards with leaden pill,  
Game in the Feejee Islands.

We sold them prints to clothe their wives,  
New England rum—Australian knives,  
One takes their wits, the other their lives,  
When fighting in the Feejees.

We filled our ship with wood and shell,  
Although the natives fought like—well,  
We'll have a wondrous tale to tell,  
When home from the Feejees trading.

Our gun was spiked—"

"All hands lay aft and splice the main brace!" roared the mate; and thus one of those forty verse sea ballads was nipped in the bud, as the crew, our warbler foremost, obeyed the summons with cheerfulness.

My story is now finished. Need I further say, that nothing but love carried our brave owner through his difficulties, and that he was rewarded in China with Miss Carlton's hand, and that a few weeks after our arrival in Boston, I was at a splendid reception given by Seymour in his own mansion on Beacon Street, and that the bride was the fair Sorceress of the Cannibal Islands.

### A Kindred Tie.

She was a lame woman. She limped and she carried a cane, and it was natural to infer that she was lame. She entered the Twenty-second Street depot to wait for a train, and was closely followed by a lame man. He had a stiff knee and he also carried a cane. Two lame persons are no great sight in this big city. Lame men and women limp their lame way up and down Manhattan Island every day, and few people ever remark them.

The lame woman took a seat, and after a little while she was joined by the lame man. He wore a bright smile, and as he dropped down he cheerfully remarked: "Quite a coincidence."

She made no reply. She was ugly looking, but she looked him over and made up her mind that she would go and hang herself if she looked as homely as he did.

"I am lame and you are lame," continued the man.

"Who are you talking to, sir?" she demanded, giving him a contemptuous look.

"Madam, there must be a kindred tie between us," he softly replied. "I am lame in the left leg—you are lame in the left leg."

"Are you addressing me?" she exclaimed, flushing very red.

"I am, madam; I say there must be a kindred tie between us."



"There's no such a thing, sir, and I don't want you to speak to me again," she said.

"I am lame and you are lame," he went on. "Rheumatism got into my knee joint and soiled one of the best legs in New York State. Was it rheumatism in the case of your leg, madam?"

"You drunken loafer, you! how dare you talk to me?" she gasped.

"I can furnish the best kind of references as to my character," he replied, "and I suppose you could. But doesn't it strike you as a curious coincidence that we are both lame in the legs, both in New York at once, both waiting to go home, both so ugly looking that we can't get married!"

"You—you!" she choked.

"I am fifty years old, and I dye my hair," he coolly continued, "and you are about the same age, and I observe that you dye yer hair; I wouldn't go a rod to see

a circus procession, and I judge you wouldn't. I love onions, and I should say you did! I love—"

"I will have you arrested," she yelled. "I'll have you jailed in two minutes!"

"As I was going to remark, madam, I love—"

"G'way, g'way!" she shrieked, clutching her cane.

"Nevertheless I am convinced that there is a kindred tie, madam. Two persons lame in their left legs must—"

She whacked him vigorously with the cane, and rushed off to another seat, while a gentleman came over to the lame man and told him he would get into trouble if he didn't look out.

"I'm through," quietly replied the lame man. "I thought there was a kindred tie, but there isn't. I'll never kindred tie to any living female who is so stuck up that she wont listen to philosophy. She can take her old lame leg and go home."

And he sat down and read an almanac for 1876.



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.



## Rose Redd.

## WHY I LIKE HER.

BY MRS. W. L. WHEELER.

*Dedicated to the one it suits.*

I like her because she can bear  
 As few women can, to be known;  
 I like her because all her hair,  
 As well as her mind, is her own.

Because she don't give little pricks  
 From the pincushion *most* women carry;  
 Or claim all the stray "walking-sticks"  
 As "men who have asked her to marry."

Because she don't bite her friends back,  
 And put in a fib for a patch;  
 Because she don't lie on the track,  
 To extinguish a friend's coming match.

Because she don't buy the bouquet,  
 She tells you, "was sent by some man;"  
 Because she don't whisper, "they say,"  
 And make all the mischief she can.

I like her because she can bear  
 As few women can, to be known,  
 Because she can keep her own share,  
 And leave other women their own!

## CHRISTABEL.

BY ETHEL BRANDE.

"A LONG time ago" the harvest moon shone calmly down upon Chestnut Point, and upon two friends standing there—a man of some twenty-three years, and a girl who had scarcely seen eighteen summers. I cannot call them lovers, for though the girl's slight figure leaned towards his, as if drawn by some magnetic influence she could not resist, and though her eyes were fixed in mute adoration upon his beautiful face, his air was cold and self-possessed, and he was looking at the distant prospect with the air of one whose thoughts were far away.

Beautiful! Yes, no other word would do justice to the firm and exquisitely chiselled features, the delicate coloring, the high broad forehead, bared to the night air, and caressed by clinging curls of soft golden hair, no other word could ever express the nameless charm of the small full mouth, half hidden by a silken mustache, or give even a faint idea of those large blue eyes—with the quick shades of feeling passing through their liquid depths. Yes, he was beautiful—with a fatal beauty that dazzled and destroyed. And Christabel Vance—who always smiled at the mere worship of the senses, which makes us bow before a lovely face, without one thought of the soul that is shrined within—Christabel, whose plain face repelled, while her glorious soul attracted men, was content to stand and look upon him in breathless silence—feeling that there, and there only, lay her happiness.

It was the last evening they were to spend together. The next day was to see them both in other scenes and among other people; and with a passionate longing, she waited for him to speak the words which were to separate, or unite them forever.

There was no humiliation—no abasement in this affection of hers. She loved regally—gloriously—and if she bowed her neck beneath his feet, it was with a grace and majesty that left her still a queen.

But women like Christabel know no half love. The whole brightness, and fire, and glory of their natures is poured into one cup—and woe to him whose hand willfully, or even unconsciously, dashes it to the ground. For the splendor of a life is garnered there—and the bright waters once wasted, we may wear out our very souls in sighs and tears, and bring back no return.

For a long time the two had stood in silence, then the student turned away.

"I shall see it in my dreams," he murmured, in a low voice; "it will be with me in many a sad or idle hour, as fair as ever—but you, Christabel—"

He paused and looked searchingly into her downcast face. A dumb and restless pain was gnawing at his heart, at thought of the parting that was to come—a feeling that he had never known before, and which he could not now understand. He certainly did not love her—thus he argued to himself—and at the thought the face of another rose up before him, a bright beautiful face, with rosy lips, and large soft brown eyes, as if reproaching him for the faint suspicion of infidelity.

Christabel sighed heavily, as he turned away. There was something in the unfinished sentence and the suddenly averted face, that told her her doom as plainly as words could have spoken it, and hushing the wild cry of her tortured heart, till another time, she steeled herself to hear all he might say without betraying, by look or word, how much it was to her.

"Let us go," he said.

She took his arm without a word, only turning for one instant to gaze over the fair expanse of country on which the moon smiled down. She never saw it again, save in some passing daydream; but every little hill and undulating valley—every tree, and brook, and flower, was stamped ineffaceably on her brain. And many a time, years afterwards, in her gayest moments, that quiet moonlight shone in upon her soul, and she turned, sickening, from the throng around her, and prayed for rest and peace from that one haunting memory.

They walked slowly up the road that led towards the village. Neither spoke, till they reached the steps of the boarding-house where Christabel lived. Then they halted to say the good-by which must be spoken, and Christabel turned pale and cold, as Cecil Brent took both her hands in his, and looked down into her troubled face.

"It has been a pleasant year," he said, gently, "and I have to thank you most of all, Christy, for making it so. But all things must end, dear friend."

"Yes—all things," she answered, with a dreary sigh. "All things except life, and it were more merciful if that—"

"Christabel?"

The tone in which he spoke, and the look he bent upon her, recalled her to herself. She passed her hand across her brow, and murmured:

"Nay—do not mind me, Cecil. I was thinking—"

"Of one who is far away?" he said, as a keen jealous suspicion shot for the first time through his heart.

She glanced at him in mute surprise—then colored, and said, abstractedly:

"Yes."

He felt wronged, bereaved—as if some treasure had been suddenly torn from his grasp. Even this did not show him his heart, and struggling with the feeling, as if it had been unworthy, he answered:

"I have no right to pry into your sorrows, Chrissy, and yet I could wish—"

"Wish nothing, Cecil—it is the surest way to win all you would have," she answered, bitterly. And then fearful of betraying herself, she added, hastily, "Do not heed my folly—it is nothing, and will quickly pass away. But tell me of your future—what are you going to do when you leave this place?"

His beautiful blue eyes turned upon her with a dreamy abstracted look.

"I am going to be married, Christabel."

In those few words came the deathblow to her love and pride, but she heard him as quietly as if she had been a marble statue.

"I knew it," she said, with a gay smile, not the less gay because it covered a breaking heart. "And who may the lady be? I have often seen you thinking of her, when no one but me was near you—have I not?"

"It is very likely."

"And her name—may I hear it?"

"Maud De Ligney."

"O, she is a foreigner," said Christabel. She felt some slight relief, she knew not why, on hearing this.

"No; she is American born, though her parents are Italians. I met her in Mobile two years ago."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Judge for yourself," said Brent, enthusiastically; and drawing from his vest a small velvet case, suspended from a chain of Etruscan gold, he touched the spring and held it towards her.

All hope died within her as she looked. What had she to offer in exchange for that smiling radiant beauty? O, was it strange, that with a face like this, lying close to his heart during those twelve happy months she had known him, he had failed to love her. The picture fell from her hands.

"It is very beautiful," she said, in a low voice.

"I knew you would say so. She is the belle of the South—and yet she loves me!" And the happy lover kissed the picture as he restored it to its hiding-place.

Christabel grew sick at heart.

"It is late, and I must go in," she said, shivering in the warm night air. "And I suppose we must say good-by."

"But I shall hear from you now and then?" he asked, holding her hand, and looking steadily in her face.

"If you wish it—certainly."

"Then good-by, dear friend, good-by, and may God bless you."

"Good-by—good-by," she murmured, feeling a kind of frantic wonder at herself for being so cold and unmoved.

He clasped her to his heart and kissed her. Only

once did she return the pressure, and then, breaking from him suddenly, she ran up to her room, scarcely able to see the way, for the passionate tears which blinded her eyes.

## CHAPTER II.

CHRISTABEL at twenty-four was a brilliant and successful woman. Not beautiful—for that she could never be—but singularly fascinating and greatly sought after. The romance of her youth had been laid aside like a withered flower, and in the worldly wisdom of her late years, she had married Cyril Desereaux, the great broker, whose fortune was almost fabulous in its amount. Diamonds glittered in the dark curls of Mrs. Desereaux, where white rosebuds had been twined in the days of Christabel Vance; and the simple dress of her early youth was laid aside for costly robes of velvet, and silks that would have almost stood alone.

"It is all very well to talk of rustic loveliness in virgin white," said Mr. Desereaux, "but when I first saw you, my darling, you were only a fine-looking girl—and here under the hands of your waiting-maid, you have bloomed out into a magnificent woman. By George! I am proud of my wife!"

She paused before the large mirror, as he spoke, and looked at herself, glittering with costly gems.

"Yes, the chains become the captive well," she murmured, so low that he could not hear. And giving him her gloved hand, which he raised gallantly to his lips, she let him lead her to the carriage.

Christabel, like many another woman, had sold herself for gold. But so skillfully did she conceal the evil she had done, that all who knew her were deceived. She was always gay and witty—always serene at home and abroad—always perfectly kind and courteous to the stately man who called her wife—and the world looked on, and praised and envied her; and mothers pointed her out to their young and innocent daughters, and told them to strive for such a prize as she had won. But in the solitude of her own chamber—could they have seen her then!

It was her earnest wish that she might never look upon the face of her early love again. It was too deep a wound to be opened with impunity. She dared not meet the trial. But Fate, who always performs her unkindest act with a treacherous smile upon her face, brought about the very thing she dreaded, just when she deemed herself most secure.

At a party given in honor of the English consul, a brilliant dark-eyed woman, with a certain Italian ease and coquetry in her manner, was the acknowledged belle of the room. Young men and old men bowed alike at her shrine, and gazed enraptured at the perfect loveliness of her face. All save one—and he stood aloof, at a little distance, with his head bowed moodily, and his arms crossed upon his breast.

It was Cecil Brent, the husband of the beautiful Maud, who looked so scornfully at the throng of idlers that surrounded her, and wearily at the beauty that had once enslaved him. Time had disenchanted him, and he was conscious of other and higher wants than she could satisfy. His thoughts often went back to the



days at Chestnut Point, with a kind of remorseful tenderness. He was thinking of Christabel then, with that gay crowd around him.

"If she had been my wife," he thought, "what a woman I could have made of her. Hers was a glorious mind. She was far my superior, heaven knows. But she has forgotten me long before this time, and has probably married some worthy country merchant and settled down, as they call it. And yet what a destiny for Christabel."

A low murmur around him caused him to look up, and he saw a lady and gentleman moving slowly up the room, towards the hostess, who stood smiling an eager welcome. He could not see the lady's face, but her tall majestic form, and the glitter of her diamonds, came over him like a dream. He was roused from his contemplation of her, by a hand upon his shoulder, and a cheery voice speaking his name. He turned, and saw Rene Underhill, who knew everybody and everything, and who was the intimate and confidential friend of two-thirds of the persons in the room.

"What—Brent, my boy, are you in a brown study? And with such a beautiful wife—and such a fine fortune, too! It would do well enough for a poor devil like me—but, in heaven's name, what have *you* got to be sober about?"

"Rene, be sober yourself for a moment," replied his friend, taking him by the button-hole, "and tell me who that is that just came in—the tall graceful lady, dressed in blue satin, with diamonds on her neck and arms. There—you can see her now distinctly. I wish she would turn her face this way."

"That?" said Underhill, as he saw whom his friend alluded to; "why, that is Mrs. Cyril Desereaux, who has finer diamonds and horses than any other woman in the city. Why, where in the world have you been living, that you don't know her?"

"You forget that I have only been in the city a week," said Brent. "I presume my wife knows her, however; I fancy I have heard her mention that name."

"Of course she does. Not to know Mrs. Desereaux is to 'argue one's self unknown.' And there goes your wife, at this very moment, to speak to her. Now, if you were only in your proper place, by her side, my boy, you would have the felicity of an introduction."

Cecil Brent did not answer. He was watching the interview with the greatest interest. The fair Italian was *petite* in her person, and quick and nervous in her movements; Christabel was above the ordinary height of woman, and graceful and steady as an empress. The peculiar expression with which she always talked to the wife of her early love was upon her face, but Cecil could not see it. He did see, however, how quietly she listened to the lively nonsense of Maud, and watched the stately head bend in mute adieu as they parted.

Something in the movement made him think of Christabel—and with a kind of startled interest he mixed with the select few who were following her to the music-room. His wife came up and took his arm.

"It will be such a treat," she whispered. "Mrs. Desereaux seldom sings, but to-night she was obliged to yield. I am so glad."

He did not answer. He was watching the superb air of indifference with which she received the attentions of those who thronged around her.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, indifferently.

"O, let it be one of your beautiful Irish ballads," said a lady who stood beside her.

She paused, played a simple prelude, and began to sing "Kathleen Mavourneen."

Cecil started and turned pale. He had often heard Christabel sing that same song among the groves at Chestnut Point; and though the deep contralto voice was wonderfully strengthened and purified, he felt that it must be the same. Dazzled and bewildered, he passed his hand over his eyes and tried to think.

She was right here before him. She, the only woman he should have loved or married (he felt it now), sat in all her youth and beauty within his reach. But both were bound, and the diamonds glittering upon her neck and brow had been placed there by the fond hand of a husband. She was lost to him forever, and the time had gone by when he might have won her for the winning.

His wife had left his arm, and was coquetting gayly under cover of the music, with Rene Underhill, at the other end of the room. A sudden miserable impulse drew him towards Christabel—only to look upon her face once more, he thought; and making his way slowly through the circle he stood just beside her.

How she had changed! How proud and queenly she looked—and how well her costly dress became her. He gazed at her with his soul in his eyes. As she sang the touching words:

"It may be for years, and it may be forever,  
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?"

with the sound of tears in her voice, she looked up—and, there, beside her, stood the one whose memory seemed inseparably connected with the song, and of whom she was even then thinking. The shock was too great and sudden—for the first time in her life she fainted!

All was confusion around her, but it was Brent who bore her to a couch near the window.

"Clear the room and give her air!" he said, loudly, and they obeyed, while one or two who had remained to assist him, hurried away for remedies. The two, so long parted, were alone. Christabel opened her heavy eyes, and saw him bending over her pale as death.

"I love you—I love you, Christabel!" he murmured, despairingly. A look of perfect joy passed over her face. But the next moment memory returned, and she pointed to the door.

"Leave me!"

"Yes, Christabel—and forever! God help us both!"

He caught her to his heart, and pressed his lips to hers. Without another word he rushed from the room, and Christabel hid her pale face in her hands and prayed.

The next morning as she sat at breakfast, she read his name among the passengers who sailed for India. They never met again, and both felt that it was better so.

## Air Castles.

By JENNIE WREN, *Author of "Love's Warning and Reply," etc.*

Rambling through the fields of Twilight,  
 Having passed the city, Day,  
 I was scanning two air castles  
 That were builded by the way—  
 Castles, airy castles, builded by the way.

There, upon a lofty mountain,  
 Capped by clouds of amber bright,  
 Is a wide-roofed towering mansion  
 Lowering from the rocky height—  
 Lowering, peering downward, from the rocky height.

And above the door, wide open,  
 Wrought in characters of gold,  
 "Fame" is written, plainly, clearly,  
 That the name all might behold—  
 All might, looking upward, the clear name behold.

Nestling, birdlike in the valley,  
 Lies a bumble lowly cot;  
 Crimson roses fill the window,  
 And the walls with scarlet dot—  
 And the cool green ivy-vines with scarlet dot.

There's a song comes from the cottage,  
 Sweet and clear—a woman's voice,  
 Singing softly to her baby;  
 The song's burden is, "Rejoice!  
 "For thy father cometh. Baby dear, rejoice!"

Here no gaudy symbols tell us  
 That this is the home of Love;  
 But a happy sun is shining  
 On the house; and from above  
 Come the words of angels singing, "This is Love."

Thus in silent musing walked I,  
 When a loud crash rent the air.  
 Lo! Fame's castle quickly crumbles,  
 Vanishes! But Love's is there—  
 Love's, unmoved, is nestling greenly, coolly there.

Slowly, and with wandering footsteps,  
 Came I to the river Night,  
 And I lay me down to slumber,  
 Wrapped in dreams of love, e'er bright:  
 And at morn I crossed it, to the gates of Light.

---

WIT AND HUMOR.

A man with an ugly light in his eye entered a saloon on Congress Street yesterday. The bar-tender slid in behind his counter and smiled at prospective profits, but the stranger waved his hands and said:

"I want none of your vile decoctions. Mix me something to soothe my raging thoughts!"

"Gin and sugar?" insinuated the saloonist.

"Do you want to make a raging volcano of me?" exclaimed the stranger. "I want something as soothing to my tumultuous thoughts as the mother's lullaby song is to a weary child."

"Take a milk punch?"

"I want to be soothed, I tell you!" whooped the man.

"Take a Tom and Jerry?"

"Would a Tom and Jerry drive these wild, raging, terrible thoughts away?"

"I think it would," replied the bar-tender, and he mixed one. He made it unusually good, and the man sipped it with great satisfaction, and exclaimed:

"Ah! that soothes me—that does me good—that turns my raging thoughts into dreams of ecstatic bliss!"

As he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand the bar-tender said:

"Change, please."

"Yes, that has changed me," was the reply.

"I want fifteen cents, if you please."

"For what?"

"For that Tom and Jerry."

"Look out, sir! I am soothed now, and don't get me raging again!"

"Rage and be hanged! I want pay for that drink!"

"Look out for the reaction!" warned the man. "I am calm and peaceful now, and I hope you won't bring back those terrible fiendish thoughts which burned in my heart as molten lava slips down the rugged sides of Mt. Vesuvius!"

"You pay for that drink?"

"Now I rage again," yelled the man. "Now the soothing influence has passed away. Nothing on earth can calm me again!"

He hit the bar-tender between the eyes, tore down the stove and would have made a sad wreck of things, if the police hadn't stopped him. He was taken to the station and locked up. After about three hours he called out, "I am soothed—I am calm again."

But they didn't let him out.

She was at one of the union school-houses half an hour before school opened. She had "Linda" with her. She was a tall woman, forty years old, with a jaw showing great determination, and Linda was sixteen, and rather shy and pretty good-looking. The mother said she hadn't been in the city long, and that it was her duty to get Linda into school and see that she was properly educated. When the teacher came the mother boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach, do you?"

"I think I do," replied the teacher, blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern the scholars, do you?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the mother. "I know that if Linda should come home all pounded up I'd feel like killing some one. I suppose you are of respectable character, aint you?"

"Why—ahem—why—" stammered the teacher, growing white and then red.

"I expect you are," continued the woman. "It's well enough to know whom our children are associating with. Now, then, do you allow the boys and girls to sit together?"

"No ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to when I was young, and I don't think Linda is any better than I am. Another thing, do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a girl?" asked the woman.



"Why, no."

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as shy as a bird, and if she should come home some night and tell me she had been winked at I don't know what I'd do. Now, another thing, do you have a beau?"

"Why—why—" was the stammered reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the woman, severely. "I know just how it works. When you should be explaining what an archipelago is you are thinking of your Richard, and your mind is way, way off!"

"But, madam—"

"Never mind any explanations," interrupted the woman. "I want Linda brought up to know joggerfy, figures, writing and spellography, and if you've got a beau and are spooking to the theatre one night, a candy-pull the next, a horse-race the next, and so on, your mind can't be on education. Come, Linda; we'll go to some other school-house."

And they jogged.

Eunice Cosgrove wept as she toed the mark, and in a very weak voice she remarked:

"I wish I hadn't been born!"

"All life, human or animal, has its sad hours," said his honor, as he moved a hunk of molasses candy out of the way of his elbow. "I presume the oyster, and the alligator, and the humming-bird, and the giraffe, have hours in which they feel as if they had been kicked by a landlord with a new pair of boots on."

"Yes, I s'pose so," she sobbed.

"And I am free to say," he continued, "that there are occasions in my own life when I wouldn't yell, 'Hurrah for General Jackson!' if I was offered a million dollars a yell."

"Nor I, either," she replied.

"But we must leave the dim past and the uncertain future for the present, and inquire if you mean to keep on getting intoxicated every three or four weeks?"

"Everybody seems to be down on me!" she sobbed.

"You were here last month about this time, Mrs. Cosgrove, and what did I say to you?" he asked.

"I agreed not to tell," she replied.

"Speak right out, Mrs. Cosgrove, and, Bijah, if you don't stop that grinning I'll report you to the Commissioners."

"O, I don't want to tell!" she whispered.

"Didn't I tell you that if you came again I'd have to send you up?"

"No sir; you said I could get drunk every day in the week if I wanted to."

It was an awful lie, and for a minute everybody held his breath. Bijah reached over for the crowbar and toyed with it, and the hunk of molasses candy fell from the desk to the floor with a great thud.

By-and-by his honor quietly observed:

"You won't return here for six months to come."

A lively incident occurred on one of the Fulton ferry-boats as she was crossing to Brooklyn one day lately. There was the usual crush at the front part of the boat, and three men began to make themselves obnoxious by hustling their fellow-passengers. They

conducted their game so systematically that it soon became apparent that they had an object in view, and at last an old man whom the two began to "work" informed one of the men, whose hand had got too near his overcoat pocket to please him, that he didn't want "any infernal pickpocket fooling around him." The light-fingered gentleman thought best to brazen it out, and began to insult the old gentleman. "Call me a pickpocket, you old fool," he said at last; "I'd lick anybody that'd call me a pickpocket, and I'd lick you only yer so old." "Am I young enough?" asked a compactly-built young man, as he stepped up and faced the abusive thief. Then, before an answer could be returned, he pinned the latter by the throat, and, as he held him in the air and treated him to an earthquake which lasted about ten minutes, he pointed each shake with an appropriate remark, such as, "You pickpocket!" "Want a young man, do you? How do you like my style? Why don't the other thieves come on?" etc. Having nearly shaken the life out of the thief, the compact young man wound up by dragging him to the boat's side, and it was only after a most abject appeal from his victim that he relented of an apparently fixed resolution to throw him into the river.

A good story is told of a gentleman well-known in town in connection with a late visit of his to a drug store. The gentleman's name is Carr. There are several Carrs in the city, however, and the given name of the particular one will not be revealed in this item for worlds. This Carr wanted some medicine for his family the other night after twelve o'clock, and visited a drugstore to obtain it. The drugstore was closed, and he rang the bell vigorously. The druggist at once put his head out of an upper window and inquired, sleepily, "Who's there?" "Mr. Carr," responded the gentleman at the bell. "Missed a car! Well, what's that to me, confound you? Stop ringing that bell and go about your business, man!" Down went the window and the druggist was lost to sight. The discomfited Mr. Carr was lost in amazement for a time, but finally seized the bell and rang it frantically. The druggist's head appeared at the window again. He was wide awake this time. "Who's there, now?" "Mr. Carr, I tell you!" "Who cares if you have? Get out of that, quick! If you're drunk and have missed a car it's your own lookout. Don't touch that bell again!" "But, I tell you, you idiot, I'm Mr.—Carr!" "O Lord! Why didn't you say so before?" The window went down again and the druggist soon appeared at the door to explain volubly that he'd supposed he'd been aroused by some drunken fellow who wanted sympathy. Possibly he gave Mr. Carr something to pacify him. Druggists keep pacificators on draught.

Some years ago there resided in Cincinnati a member of one of the learned professions remarkable for his original views of men and things. According to his views, man was a bundle of prejudices—a manifestation of prejudice was the holding of any animal unclean—all were proper food—the rat and the cat were created as much to be eaten as were the rabbit and chicken.



In pursuance of this theory, he one evening invited some gentleman friends to a squirrel supper, in his chambers. The table was well laid, the squirrels nicely cooked, the wines excellent, and they enjoyed the meal.

The dishes removed—while smoking their cigars, the guests expressed their satisfaction, and the delighted host heard that his squirrels were tender, fat, juicy and sweet.

Their commendations concluded, he tilted his chair, rested his feet upon the mantelpiece, and, while he pulled the end of his cigar ere lighting it, said, with a smile of exultation:

"Well, gentlemen, do you know what you have been eating?"

"Squirrels," one answered, with a sudden qualm.

"Rats!"

They sprang to their feet.

"Rats!" (he brought his chair to the floor and stood up), "fat, tender, sweet, juicy rats, that I myself caught in a trap and fattened. What do you think of prejudice now?"

One, with a convulsion of face and his hand on his chest, sought the door. Another collared the entertainer, but released his hold, turned pale and was attacked with sudden faintness. Confusion ensued; loud words and energetic epithets followed, and blows would have been given had not one of the guests, less affected and wiser than the others, stepped between.

"Well, Mr. Smith, you have been to the vestry meeting again, this evening, I suppose; and there is where you got that piece of cotton thread on your coat."



WINTER SPORTS.



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